

WHO WANTS TO KICK A MILLIONAIRE UP THE ARSE?



*Your chance to
put a boot up
**CHRIS
TARRANT'S**
brown eye*

WINTER SALE ISSUE!

MASSIVE UNFUNNY JOKE CLEARANCE - EVERYTHING MUST GO!

I caught these two
shoplifting officer.

Hey, lerrus off an'
I'll give yer bobbies'
helmet a polish!

How pet, grey plastic
tits out for the lads!



Aye, an' I'll
toss you off

scan by dextrovix

**Vintage Ma or
Old Banger?**
Has the
Queen Mum
been clocked?



Crocked!
Slap-head
Phil's real-life
Captain Hook
nightmare



9 **AD** **the SEXIST**





SPOILT BASTARD



LORRA, LORRA, CHUCK! LOOK AT ME HURR... LORRA, LORRA, LORRA!

CLILLA'S MOMENT OF TRUTH

CLILLA

NOW THIS WEEK, JOBLESS MR. COLLINS FROM HULL IS TRYING TO BUY HIS CHILDREN'S LOVE BY STICKING A LORRA LORRA PINS IN HIS EYES... A HUNDRED IN EACH EYE.

IMP. ENT. TH

WHILE TAP DANCING ON A UNICYCLE, CHUCKS!

LOOK AT HIM... MAKING A FOOL OF HIMSELF AND HIS CHILDREN BY IMPLICATION. I'M GLAD IT'S NOT ME.

AAARGH! AAARGH! TIPPITY TAP TIPPITY TAP

IT'S EMBARRASSING ENOUGH HAVING TO SHARE YOUR NAME WITHOUT WATCHING YOU HUMILIATE YOURSELF IN FRONT OF THE NATION!

WELL DONE, MR COLLINS! WORRA LORRA PINS! AND HERE'S YOUR SON'S PRIZE... A REMOTE CONTROL HELICOPTER.

POP!

HELLO! CARLTON! TELEVISION? I'D LIKE MY MOTHER TO APPEAR ON 'CLILLA'S MOMENT OF TRUTH'.

SO... (ON THE STUDIO FLOOR IN TWO MINUTES, MRS TIMPSON, AND JUST A COUPLE OF THINGS TO REMEMBER...)

Q-O-O-O-O

WHEN YOU MEET CILLA, DON'T LOOK HER IN THE EYE, SHE DOESN'T LIKE IT. DON'T SAY 'HURR' OR 'LORRA' AND FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T TOUCH HER.

OH, DEAR, I REALLY DON'T WANT TO GO. DON'T YOU DARE LET ME DOWN, WOMAN... REMEMBER...

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO WIN MY LOVE.

NOW THE NEXT FAMILY TO MEET THEIR MOMENT OF TRUTH ARE CISSY AND TIMMY. THEY ARE THE TIMPSONS FROM FULCHESTER.

WELL, TIMMY, YOU LOOKED AT THE PRIZES IN CILLA'S DREAM CATALOGUE, DIDN'T YOU, CHUCK? TELL US WHAT YOU CHOSE.

WELL, CILLA...

THE PRIZES WERE SO GREAT, I FOUND IT HARD TO CHOOSE JUST ONE. BUT IN THE END, I DECIDED TO HAVE ALL OF THEM.

NOW CISSY, YOUR CHALLENGE IS TO BALANCE 15 PENNY COINS ON EDGE ON YOUR NOSE, WHILE POGOING FOR 20 BOUNCES.

YES, CILLA.

LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR VIDEO DIARY AND SEE HOW YOU GOT ON, SHALL WE?

SO... (OH, TIMMY, SOB! I CAN'T EVEN BALANCE THE COINS!)

MON 10:30

WILL YOU SHUT UP, WOMAN? I'M TRYING TO CHOOSE MY PRIZE FROM CILLA'S DREAM CATALOGUE.

BOING! BOING!

TUE 07:14

BOING! CHINK! CHINK!

DON'T YOU DARE BREAK THE YOLK... AND DON'T LET IT GO HARD...

THU 9:05

I WANT IT JUST RIGHT AND ANY MORE CRISPY BITS ROUND THE EDGE AND YOU'RE DEAD!

BOING! BOING!

WOAH!... ARRGH!

FRI 05:31

CRASH!

FOR FLIPS SAKE, WOMAN, WILL YOU KEEP THE NOISE DOWN, I'M TRYING TO SLEEP UP HERE.

WELL, THAT'S HOW YOU AND MUMMY GOT ON, TIMMY, AND THERE ARE YOUR PRIZES... SO NOW IT'S TIME TO WISH MUMMY 'GOOD LUCK'.

LET'S GO!

READY, CISSY?

GO!

BOING! BOING! BOING! BOING!

1...2...3...4...

BOING! BOING!

5...6...7...8...9...10...

WHIZZ!

11...12...13... 14...15...16...

BOING! BOING!

17...18...19...

YES! YES!

VWOOOSH!

SMACK! CHINK! CHINK!

OOH, WORRA WORRA SHAME, CHUCK! NINETEEN BOUNCES... PUT THE TOYS BACK, SON.

YER MOTHER'S LET YOU DOWN.

ER, CAN I JUST TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SAY HOW ASHAMED I AM TO CALL THIS WOMAN MY MOTHER.

IT'S DIFFICULT TO FIND THE WORDS TO EXPRESS MY LOATHING FOR HER, EXCEPT TO SAY...

...THAT I DESPISE HER TO THE PIT OF MY STOMACH... AND I ALWAYS WILL.

VIZ

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Editorial address:
 Viz
 PO Box 1PT
 Newcastle upon Tyne
 NE99 1PT
 Fax: 0191 281 9048 (No cocks please)
 e Mail: viz.comic@virgin.net

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Editor Chris Donald
 Editorial Cabinet
 Simon Thorp Graham Dury
 Simon Donald Davey Jones

Contributors
 Alex Collier
 John Fardell
 Simon Ecob

Production Editor
 Sheila Thompson

Office Administration
 Susan Patterson

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LetterBooks

Baker's dozen chins



□ They say a camera makes you put on ten pounds. In that case, how many fucking cameras did they put on that Danny Baker when he was on Thank Fuck I'm-out-on Friday the other night? Fat bastard.

A. Dean Kingston

TOP TIP

A MOUSE'S head mounted on a Blue Peter badge makes the ideal hunting trophy for a sporting cat.

J. Montgomery Hilton

□ I read in an article recently that one third of road accidents are caused by people who have been drinking too much, and one quarter are caused by people driving too quickly. It doesn't take a genius to work out that two thirds are therefore caused by people who have not had enough to drink, and three quarters by people who drive too slowly. This means that people who drive quickly whilst over the limit are twelve times safer than those who are sober and obey the speed limit.

David Clayton
 My Bog

TOP TIP

PRODIGY fans planning a barbecue. Take a piece of rolled up newspaper, twist it round several times, then dip it in petrol. Hey presto! A twisted firestarter. Ideal for barbecues etc.

Steve Raynor
 Nottingham

*It's the page that's always funny
 But never seems to pay out money*

A fiver for every letter we publish. (In fact, it's already in the post)

TOP TIP

GIVE your children ideal 'Riverdancing' practice by pinning their sleeve cuffs to their trouser pockets before sending them outside on icy days.

James Thompson
 Tiverton

Double trouble

□ While sitting on the bog the other day having a shit and reading Viz I couldn't help but notice the similarity between two of your characters, Nobby's Piles and Playtime Fontayne. Are they by chance related?

Allan Duggan
 Mt. Laurel, USA

No laughing matter

□ Over the years over-exposure to television violence has "de-sensitised" us to violence, and people are now unable to cry when their friends get beaten up in chip shops. Similarly, over-exposure to comedy would desensitise us to humour, leaving us unable to laugh, just like people in Fife or Berkshire. So thank goodness for Viz! By constantly bombarding us with your publication which has little or no comedy content, you have saved us from being desensitised to humour. I'd take my hat off to you, but I'm not wearing one just now.

Lachlan Hamilton
 World Wide WonderWeb



Nobby (erm... left?) and Playtime, yesterday.

TOP TIP

BIG ISSUE publishers. Save time and distribution costs by introducing a subscription service. Every week interested readers could receive a copy by post, and there'd be no need for innocent shoppers like me to have to circumnavigate tramps on every street corner in order to avoid buying it.

Rob Thomson
 E mail

□ Pigs in a window offensive to Asians in Leicester then? What I want to know is why aren't they out catching criminals.

Rob Graham
 Bucks.

Letterbooks
 P.O. Box 1PT
 Newcastle upon Tyne
 NE99 1PT
 Fax 0191 281 9048
 viz.comic@virgin.net

TOP TIP

WOMEN. When paying for petrol with cash always carry 3p in change as you will invariably just go over the 'tenners worth' which you intended to buy.

Dave Potts
 Cramlington

Breakfast time

□ After serving 6 months in prison for fraud on the day of my release my cell mate warned me "If you don't eat your last breakfast, you'll be back again to finish it". I didn't eat it, and 3 months later I was back inside for shoplifting. This time on my release day I made sure to eat all my last breakfast. Just as I was putting the last spoon of porridge in my mouth another old lag said to me "If you eat your last breakfast, you like the food so much you'll be back for more". That was two months ago, and now I'm on bail awaiting trial for stealing a motorbike, and looking at another lengthy stretch inside.

Does anyone know how I can break this prison superstition breakfast jinx?

Lee Woodward
 Leicester



Onion ladder

□ Terrified by all the recent hype about the millennium bug I stuffed Aspirins into my disk drive and poured Lemsip over my keyboard. Now my fucking computer's broken. The Government have got it wrong again.

David Goodall
E mail

TOP TIP

UNLESS you have a large van or roof rack, always stress to the taxidermist that you want your pet boa constrictor stuffed in a COILED position.

Joanne Tufnell
Turnbury

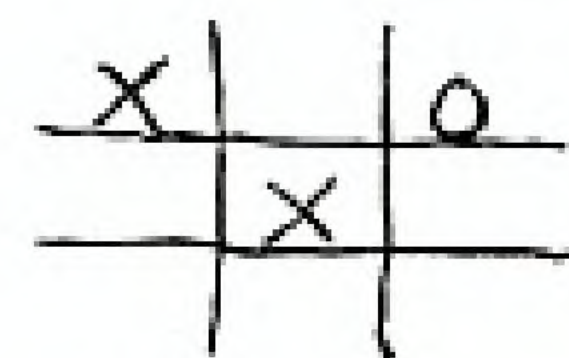
And all because the lady loves... dildos

□ Apparently women find chocolate more of a sexual stimulation than men. In that case, what have they all got vibrators in their bedside drawers for?

J. T.
Thropton

□ Thanks to I. Murray (issue 93) for taking up my challenge. I note with interest that you are using the 'Schoenberg' technique. I therefore counter with the following move.

Paul Dixon
Stakeford



TOP TIP

SAVE money on expensive vibrating controllers for your games console. Simply affix your pager to your normal controller and call yourself up each time you go round a corner or bump into something during the game.

Steve O.
Reading

□ Considering the fact that pornography is so widespread on the Internet, wouldn't there be a great market for a left-handed mouse?

Peter Zlatkovic

Iguanahard-on



□ I've enclosed a photo of my iguana Makumba, relaxing after a nice hot bath. As you can see, he's got glasses on and a big cock.

Pauline Eaves
Immingham

* Thanks for that, Pauline. There's a crisp tenner on it's way to you. Send YOUR hot and horny reptile snaps to: Readers Reptiles, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. (NB, Snakes don't have cocks).

TOP TIP

A SMALL ice pick is the perfect ice breaker at parties.

Chris Mappley
Garshilton

□ Lord Irvine is a fucking hypocrite. He's just binned centuries of traditional robes and regalia in favour of plain slacks and sensible leather shoes, to make the House of Lords more "up to date". In that case, how come utilitarian 90's man Irvine didn't pop down to Ikea or B&Q when he was doing up his flat not so long ago?

The money that twat wasted on wallpaper alone would have paid for an unemployed man like me to have an extra 5 pints a night for the rest of my life. Plus 200 ciggies a week, I reckon.

A.W.
Cardiff

Net-loss

□ If you think the paper version of Viz is a rip-off, try visiting their web site. There's all your old favourites, page after page of adverts, and the chance to download a free Billy The Fish screen saver (which only takes about 30 minutes at local call rates, then doesn't work at the end). And you can view 'character of the month' - a Cockney Wanker strip which is already 24 months old. You cunts.

David Loughlin
E mail

* We've improved our web page no end in recent weeks, and it now features virtual reality Fat Slags who come out of your computer screen in a big electrical storm and interact with you in your bedroom. Give it a try. The address is www.viz.co.uk.

TOP TIP

FAT blokes. Get yourself an attractive "six pack" stomach in days by simply adding one belly to the five you already have.

Chazz
E mail

Put down boy

□ People say every dog has its day. How right they are. We got a dog for Christmas, got bored with it and had it put down on Boxing Day.

Graeme Kenna
Wallasey

TOP TIP

ENCOURAGE your teenage sons to read more by leaving books in black bin bags under the garden hedge.

J.T.
Thropton

□ I must write and tell the world about a fucking great, hard drinking, hard working band who are really worth seeing. They're The Buc Buc Bucket band (they used to be McCavity's Cat). Fuck John Olway at the Albert Hall, this is the place to be - The Rammore, Dorking, Saturday 19th December 1998. Be there and be drunk!

Paul Thomson
Epsom, Surrey

SUBSCRIPTIONS



Hello there readers. I'm Stephanie, Sally the Subscription Girl's wicked step mother. Mr Atkinson, her natural father (issue 93) has left me in charge of the subs advertisement while he is away on business.. Jealous of Sally's good looks, I've blindfolded her to prevent her doing the advert. In her desperation to escape she is tugging at my bra strap, but to no avail. "Forget it Sally! I'm doing the subs advert, and there's nothing you can do to stop me!"

The standard UK subscription rate is £10.50 a year (for 6 issues). Rest of the world £14.00. For extra copies sent to the same address add £7 (UK) or £10 (overseas).

Please note: Newsagents tills will all crash at midnight on December 31st 1999. The only way to guarantee getting your Viz in the year 2000 is by ordering a subscription TODAY. New subscribers will receive a FREE CD Rom screen saver or 2 FREE Viz back issues. Fill in the form, or order by phone on:

Tel. 01454 620 070

Tick which you prefer ☐ CD Rom ☐ 2 back issues

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A Viz subscription is a perfect gift for someone who wants one. To subscribe for someone else fill in their details above and yours below. If its for yourself, go straight to the ticky box option bit to tell me how you're going to pay.

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AUSTRALIA: Send to: Gordon & Gotch, Subs Division, Private Bag 290, Burwood, Victoria 3125. (Make cheques payable to Gordon & Gotch Limited and mark your envelope "I shag sheep, or kangaroos if I can catch them").

USA: Send to: Viz Subs, 3330 Pacific Ave, Suite 404, Virginia Beach, VA23451-2983. (Mark your envelope "I'm a fat bastard who wanks over pictures of waffles covered in lovely maple syrup"). Or call our USA and CANADA toll free number - 1 888 428 8676.

☐ If you DON'T want us to sell your name and address to other mail order houses, we recommend you tick here. Your name may be at risk from bombardment by junk mail if you fail to tick the box.

Sir Bobby's helmet



□ I reckon my dick looks like Bobby Charlton. Does anyone else have a tonk which resembles a celebrity?

Tyrone Shoelaces
Bolton

* No photographs please, thank you.

TOP TIP

A BOOK can easily be smuggled into prison by hiding it inside a hollowed out cake.

J.T.
Thropton

□ "Nobody ever comes to Cyprus just once", so the tourism advert says. My dad did. He was ran over and killed by a bus in Limmasol on the first day of his holiday.

L. Porterfield
Sunderland

TOP TIP

SHOPPING trolleys make ideal 'holiday caravans' for pet rabbits, and can easily be towed behind most cars.

Jake Turnbull
Thornely Woods

TOP TIP

CLAIRVOYANTS. Simply look into the future and see which numbers will be drawn in next week's Lottery draw. When you go to buy your ticket check these against the numbers you were intending to use, and if they are different, don't bother entering. Hey presto! You've saved yourself a quid.

J. Dunne
Leeds

Jock strop

□ In reply to Mr Oats letter of the last issue, it is not BRITISH sportsmen who lead the world in battering women, but ENGLISH sportsmen. You lot always refer to the UK as "England" when talking about positive things like winning wars or inventing Viagra. So why start talking about "Britain" when your sportsmen, or your fans, starts misbehaving. It's got nothing to do with us.

Gary
Scotland

* Hey, keep your ginger hair on you deep fried pie eating transvestite.

□ I recently received a box of Guylain Belgian Pralines from my girlfriend. These delicious praline chocolates are shaped like a variety of marine molluscs and crustaceans. They tasted delicious, but I was disappointed to find no chocolate starfish.

Harvey Brant
Clevedon, North Somerset

Roll up roll up

□ I've just had a massive shit, then noticed that there isn't any toilet paper. If either of my parents, who are avid Viz readers, happen to be reading this, could you please throw a toilet roll up onto the landing.

J. Tudor
Sheffield

TOP TIP

MICE. Toothpicks make excellent snooker cues - ELEPHANTS. Snooker cues make excellent toothpicks - TOOTH-PICKS. Mice make excellent elephants - SNOOKER CUES. Elephants make excellent mice. Etc.

A. Bond
Greenwich

Up, up and away

□ Following his latest farcical failure to fly around the world in a balloon, Richard Branson reports that his wife is encouraging him to have another attempt. Well, if I was married to a billionaire who looked like a cross between Noel Edmonds and Mr Shifter the PG



Tips chimp, I'd be egging him on too. In fact I'd be blowing his next balloon up before he'd had the chance to dip his last one in the sea.

Mrs T. Currie
Sheffield

TOP TIP

SAVE money on Old Spice and other crappy after shaves next Christmas by gift wrapping bottles of anti-freeze instead.

John Tait
Thropton

RED NOSE DAY The Record Breaker March 12th 1999

Thinking of pushing a bath of baked beans from John O'Groats to Lands End dressed in women's underwear?



Then you need to read the Viz Student Fundraising Special packed with cartoons and fundraising Top Tips

To get hold of your copy call the Comic Relief Information Line on
0891 900 000

Calls cost 50p per minute (60p per minute after 1st March 1999)

TOP TIP

SPRINKLE cat litter on the sofa whenever granny comes to call. This will alleviate smells in the likely event of any geriatric leakages.

John Tait
Thropton

Oil be the judge of that

□ Why do people use the phrase 'she's no oil painting' to describe an ugly woman. I work in a posh antique shop, and some of the oil paintings here are no oil paintings either. I suggest users of this phrase visit the National Portrait Gallery where they can see a selection of 'no oil paintings' through the ages immortalised in oils.

Lucy Morgan
E mail

TOP TIP

CAULIFLOWERS make ideal 'brains' for vegetable Frankenstein monsters.

Joseph Tams
Torquay

□ Why does Prince Naseem get a gong just because he's good at punching people? I'm brilliant at it but the most I've ever got is 200 hours community service.

A. Woodward
Sheffield

□ As a result of reading about Mrs Brady's weeping anus (issue 93), I had a very disturbing dream indeed. I trust that in future steps will be taken to ensure that this does not happen again.

A. F.
Chelsea

Matter of record

□ Note to Richard Branson. People who successfully set aviation records, Charles Lindbergh, Alcock and Brown, Louis Bleriot etc., tend to do it at their first attempt.

David Young
Sunderland

□ I like driving along eating peeled prawns because then I can keep smelling my fingers and fantasise that I have a bird in the car with me.

A. J. Hubball
E mail

TOP TIP

BUY a meal from Marks & Spencers then eat it. If you're still hungry afterwards, take it back and say it wasn't big enough.

S.T.
Newcastle Polytechnic

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!
0898.60.60

Resistance is futile, Earthling
0898.70.70

Phone Home! - Alien Chat...LIVE!!

Our planet is DYING!
0898.80.80

They peel them with their metal knives.
0898.9090

Calls to other planets terminate in Guyana and cost 40p/min peak, 30p/min at all other times. Calls may last several of your earth minutes.

Kissing cousins

□ In the olden days a 'family wedding' was precisely that as far as the Royals were concerned. Victoria and Albert were of course first cousins. Wouldn't it be nice if Beatrice and William could take us back to those glory days of the Empire by reviving this Royal tradition and setting a date?

Niall Scott
Oldham

TOP TIP

SAVE money on anti-freeze this winter by filling your car radiator with Old Spice and the plethora of other crappy after shaves you got this Christmas.

John T.
Northumberland

Evans-y your chances?



□ I'd like to have a "one 2 one" with that ginger haired gobshite Chris Evans in the car park of my local at kicking-out time. And I wouldn't need a poxy mobile phone to do it with.

Mr B. Scott
Patchway, Bristol

TOP TIP

FOOTBALL managers. Avoid unsightly yelling from the touchline by equipping your players with pagers and discreetly using a mobile phone to contact them. The pagers could also be used by the supporting crowd, to send messages of congratulation to any goal scorers.

Sir Giles T. Ardenflesche
Kensington

TOP TIP

A HULA HOOP inserted into a small hole drilled in a door provides an inexpensive security viewing device.

J. Tomachevski
Tromsk

Red flag week



□ I expect Tony Blair is very relieved that his 'honeymoon period' is over. My wife and I had one of those, and it really pissed on my fire, I can tell you.

S. S.
Glossop

TOP TIP

FRESHEN up your mouth and remove even the most stubborn of stray pubic hairs after a night on the fuzzy clam by brushing your teeth with Immac cream.

John T.
Morpeth

□ New Labour promised that the New Year's Honours list would represent the people's choice, and they haven't let us down. Who can forget the nationwide clamour as the public rose up and with one voice demanded that Michael Scholar, the Permanent Secretary to the Department of Trade, be made Knight Commander of the Order of Bath?

Martin Chivers
Southampton

Principle objection

□ According to boffins, for every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. Bollocks. I recently ran over an old woman, and she didn't get up and run over my car.

D. Sisson
Kirkby

Watching the box

□ Here's one for Pedant's Corner that I spotted in your photo story (issue 93). Since when can you get Toshiba TVs in Sony Trinitron boxes?

Simon Brock
Bristol

* You can from a crack addict in a pub in Tosteth. And he does videos as well.

TOP TIP

AT BED time wrap six full size cereal packets in cling-film and leave them on the breakfast table. When your wife comes down for breakfast she'll think she's in the 'Land of the Giants'. Possibly.

G. Anderson
London

□ I think it's a disgrace that the hard shoulder on motorways is reserved for broken down vehicles or accident victims. Why should irresponsible motorists who can't be bothered to look where they're going or service their car enjoy the privilege of their own lane? It's madness gone mad. I suggest that in future the hard shoulder should be reserved for cars with a full service history, and no dents.

Mark Glover
Coventry

Monumental error

□ Britain is littered with war memorials dedicated to "those that have laid down" and "those that have fallen" during two world wars. All well and good, but has anybody ever considered building a monument to all the poor bastards who actually got shot?

W. Donachie
Dundee

□ What a load of rubbish this new 'foil wrapped bread' is. It's supposed to last for 7 days. I ate mine in two.

Do I win £10?

Chris Pether
E mail

* Technically yes, but as we can't send a tanner by e-mail, in practical terms, no.

BACK ISSUES



The Viz Nuclear Back Issues Facility at Bradley Stoke North is Britain's most potentially dangerous magazine back issue research, storage and distribution centre. Built at a cost of twenty times the original estimate, it employs state of the art nuclear technology to ensure that a first class, efficient and cost effective Back Issue service will be available to Viz readers well into the new Millennium. Opened in November 1998 by former Tomorrow's World presenter William Woollard at a cost of £200 (plus travelling expenses), over 14,000 clerical and scientific staff are employed at the vast underground site amongst whom the occurrence of cancers is at a below average level. Here we see staff feeding up-to-the-minute back issue availability data into one of the facilities



main computer banks. The machine in the picture, nicknamed 'BARNEY' (for BACK issue Remembering machine using Nuclear power and Electricity) is capable of remembering up to 99 two digit numbers at any one time. According to BARNEY the following 19 Viz back issues are still available, and these can be posted anywhere in the world!

39 56 57 59 60 66 73 77 80 83
84 86 87 88 89 90 92 93 94

Simply circle the issue numbers which you require. Back issues cost £2 each (UK) or £2.50 (overseas). Prices include postage and a healthy mark up. Then fill in your details below and send this form (or a copy of it) together with your payment to the address below where it will be urgently processed in a matter of up to 28 days. Indicate your method of payment by ticking one of the following:

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☐ They asked me my mother's maiden name and when I told them it they gave me a credit card. So please debit my account as follows:

Card Type _____ Expiry date _____

Card No.

Name

Address

Post code

Send this form (or a copy of it) to:
THE VIZ NUCLEAR BACK ISSUE FACILITY
Customer Interface, Bradley Pavillions,
Bradley Stoke North, BS32 0PP

Or you can order back issues by phone using your credit card on **01454 620 070**

MILLENNIUM BUGGERED!

Royal timebomb set to explode

THE Queen Mum may not live to see the year 2000, according to computer experts.

Boffins fear that Britain's favourite granny will be struck down by the Millenium bug when the clocks strike midnight on the 31st of December this year. Scientists fear that the Queen Mother's body clock will not recognise the dateline 01.01.2000, and that she will crash, wreaking havoc amongst the Royal Family.

Brain

Top Harley Street physicians are on standby, ready and waiting to update the Queen Mum's brain. But the Palace is split over the huge cost of such an operation.

Festival

Reprogramming the old dear's noggin is possible, but it will be expensive. Replacement loaf parts for a woman of her age have to be made especially. The total cost could run into thousands, rather than hundreds of pounds. And the Royal Family must decide whether such an enormous investment

Queen Mum is NOT Millennium compatible

can be justified, bearing in mind the Queen Mother's age.

Battle

"Basically, it will cost us three times the price of a new Princess just to reprogramme granny. And one must question whether that sort of expenditure can be justified on what is essentially a short-term asset", said one big eared heir to the throne yesterday.

Hotspur

Meanwhile, the latest Royal signing, Sophie Rhys-Jones, was unveiled



The Queen Mum could be waving her last goodbye on December 31st 1999.

to the fans at a press conference in London yesterday after passing her medical with flying colours. Miss Rhys-Jones will officially sign up at a wedding this summer. Meanwhile delighted Palace officials yesterday confirmed that the new princess will be Millennium compatible, and promised further signings in the near future.

Warlord

"We've got money to spend, and if the right princesses become available, we'll be in for them", said the Queen yesterday.

Save the Moyle

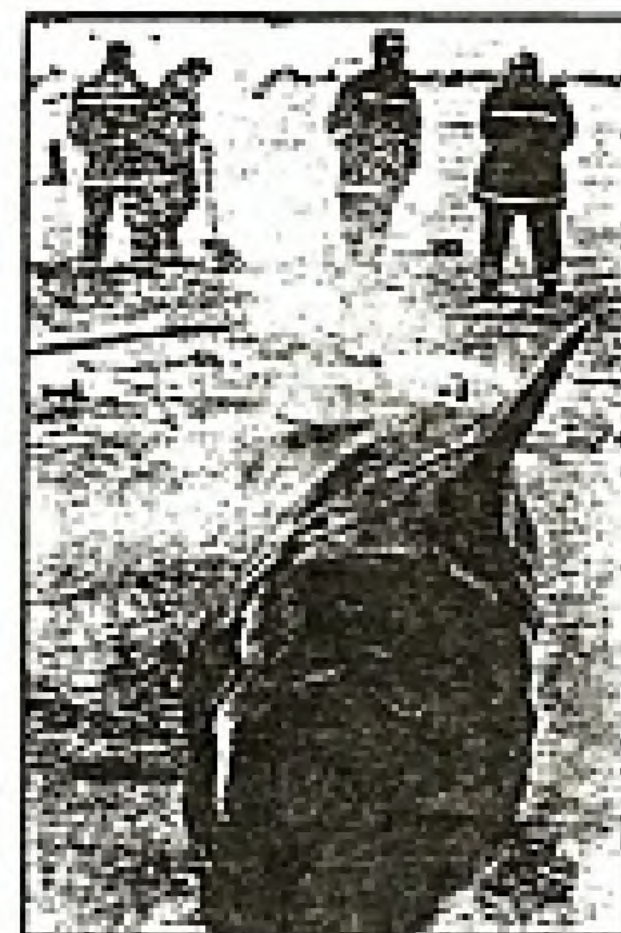
Protest launched on Radio 1 airwaves

GREENPEACE campaigners in rubber dinghies yesterday swamped the airwaves surrounding Radio One in protest at the Norwegian Government's policy of Moyle hunting.

Moyles, the largest animals on radio, are an endangered species after being extensively hunted for their blabber. The Moyle is also a precious source of ego, a commodity which is used extensively in the entertainment industry.

Victor

Because of their size Moyles are an easy target. They inhabit the shallow airwaves of day-time Radio One and cannot remain undercover for more than one record, before surfacing to spout shit for several minutes. Moyles attract symbiotic parasites who attach themselves to their big, fat, sweaty arses and laugh sycophantically at the constant, incoherent, high pitched sounds which they emit. Some experts believe that these sounds are a form of intelligent communication, although no-one has yet been able to decipher them. Despite its vast bulk the Moyle exists entirely on a diet of cheese and onion crisps which it scoops up in vast quantities in its huge mouth as it



A beached Moyle floundering on an episode of Never Mind The Buzzcocks recently.

gracelessly manoeuvres itself around the airwaves.

Viva

Now protected by international law, the hunting of Moyles is strictly regulated and licenses are only granted for the purposes of scientific research.

Astra 1.3 GL

Despite being the largest animal that has ever lived, Moyles have the smallest penis, at a mere three quarters of an inch - when erect.

The Telly Savalas Story

21st November 1922. Garden City Hospital, New York...

Congratulations, Mrs. Savalas. It's a boy.

I'll call him Television...

...Television Savalas.

Once home, young 'Telly' proves a big hit with his father, Mr. Savalas.

Hah! Hah! Who loves ya, baby!

Hmm!

...I'll remember that.

1972, and Telly becomes an actor and does Kojak...

Nyaaaah! Who loves ya, baby.

Thanks, dad!

Portrait of EVIL!



ANDY McBride knows only too well the horrors committed by the world's most depraved dictator. For Andy, an 18 year old trainee shoe shop assistant, was a member of the crack Sea Cadets during the 1990 Gulf War, and attended weekly training sessions in a church hall near his home in Buxton. Now, in these extracts from his bombshell new book, we expose the true terror of Saddam Hussein's evil reign.

'A massive military convoy rumbles through the streets of Baghdad towards the national TV station. Tanks surround the building and armed guards storm inside. But this is not a military coup.'

On a whim Saddam Hussein, the self-styled butcher of Baghdad, has decided that tonight he is going to appear on 'Al Gamani Generihad', Iraqi TV's version of the Generation Game.

Spaghetti

Not surprisingly Hussein wins every game. A terrified judge awards him ten out of ten for making spaghetti, even though his soggy lump of dough is stuck to his shoes. His folded table napkin looks more like a dead duck than a swan, and in the next round he ends up on his backside attempting to dance the Lambada.

Best

But, surprise surprise, at the end of the game Saddam Hussein is the winner. In the control room nervous TV producers mop sweat from their brows. *All is going well until - at the climax of the show - a nervous Saddam forgets one item from the conveyor belt... a sandwich toaster.* His face floods with rage.

Great

Minutes later the show's host Jimrihim 'Nick Nick' al Davidson, his assistant, seven other contestants, plus 250 staff and technicians at the television centre are all dead - *slaughtered in a warped act of bloody revenge exacted by the world's most evil man'.*

Later in his book Andy gives a spine chilling insight into life - and death - in the torture chambers beneath Saddam's Presidential Palace.

'Ahmed Salih ran a small hairdressing salon in a fashionable area of Baghdad. One day he received a call summoning him to the Presidential

Palace. Saddam had been watching telly again, and after seeing some seventies repeats on Iraqi Gold he decided he wanted a moustache like Jason King.

It was an unusual request, but one which Ahmed dare not refuse.

Eastern

The barber's hands trembled as they trimmed the tyrants trademark black moustache. When he was finished there was a nervous silence as Saddam stared sternly into the mirror, then suddenly his face beamed with delight. The moustache was perfect.

In a fit of generosity the mad mullah gave the barber a million pound tip. But the hapless hairdresser never got to spend it.

Escape

The following day Saddam heard that in 1973 Jason King actor Peter Wingard had been convicted of a sex offence with a crane driver in a bus station toilet in Gloucestershire. He exploded with rage.

That night Ahmed Salih was dragged from his bed and taken to the notorious torture chambers beneath Saddam's palace where he was chained to a dungeon wall and left there - *until his beard was two feet long and his trousers were all raggedy at the bottoms.*

The terrifying truth behind the nightmare of the horror of the DICTATOR of DEATH!

Then he was stretched on a rack until his body was 15 metres in length.

Suprendo

Ahmed then pleaded for mercy as he was pushed into an iron maiden. But his cries were in vain. *The sharp metal spikes glistened as the heavy door was slammed shut.*

Balls of Fire

Somehow the unfortunate barber was still alive when the door was opened. For a moment it seemed he had survived his ordeal -

The Butcher of Baghdad wields a gun as he prepares to embark on yet another orgy of death, yesterday.

until the guards gave him a drink. Suddenly water began to spurt out of tiny holes which riddled his entire body.

Charlots of Fire

Saddam is obsessed with security. Even his own government ministers are blindfolded before they meet their President, then they are shot immediately afterwards. Evil Saddam then breaks open their skulls with a solid gold teaspoon, before dipping real soldiers - *terrified teenage conscripts* - into their heads and feasting on their still-warm brains.

Local Hero

But as their grey matter churns about in Saddam's madcap stomach, their ordeal is far from over. For the instant his hapless victims emerge from Saddam's deranged rectum, they are scooped up, blindfolded, and shot again.

Memphis Belle

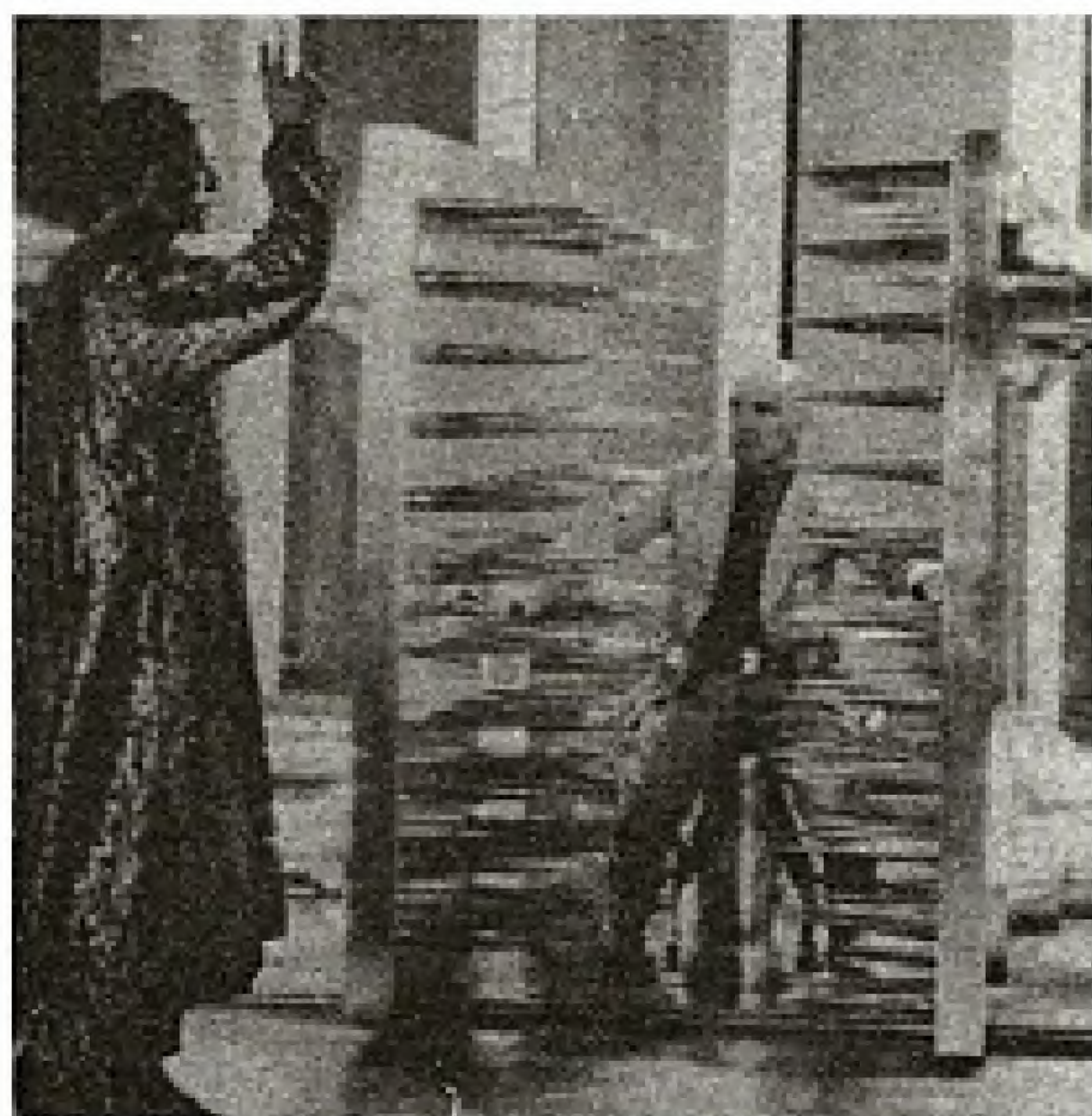
Saddam then invites the ministers wives to a banquet to feast on the twice shot dead shit remains of their husbands. After the feast Saddam jumps out of a giant cake and guns down all the guests. *Their lifeless bodies are then*

liquidised before the power hungry dictator mixes them with strawberry Nesquik and drinks them through a giant straw.

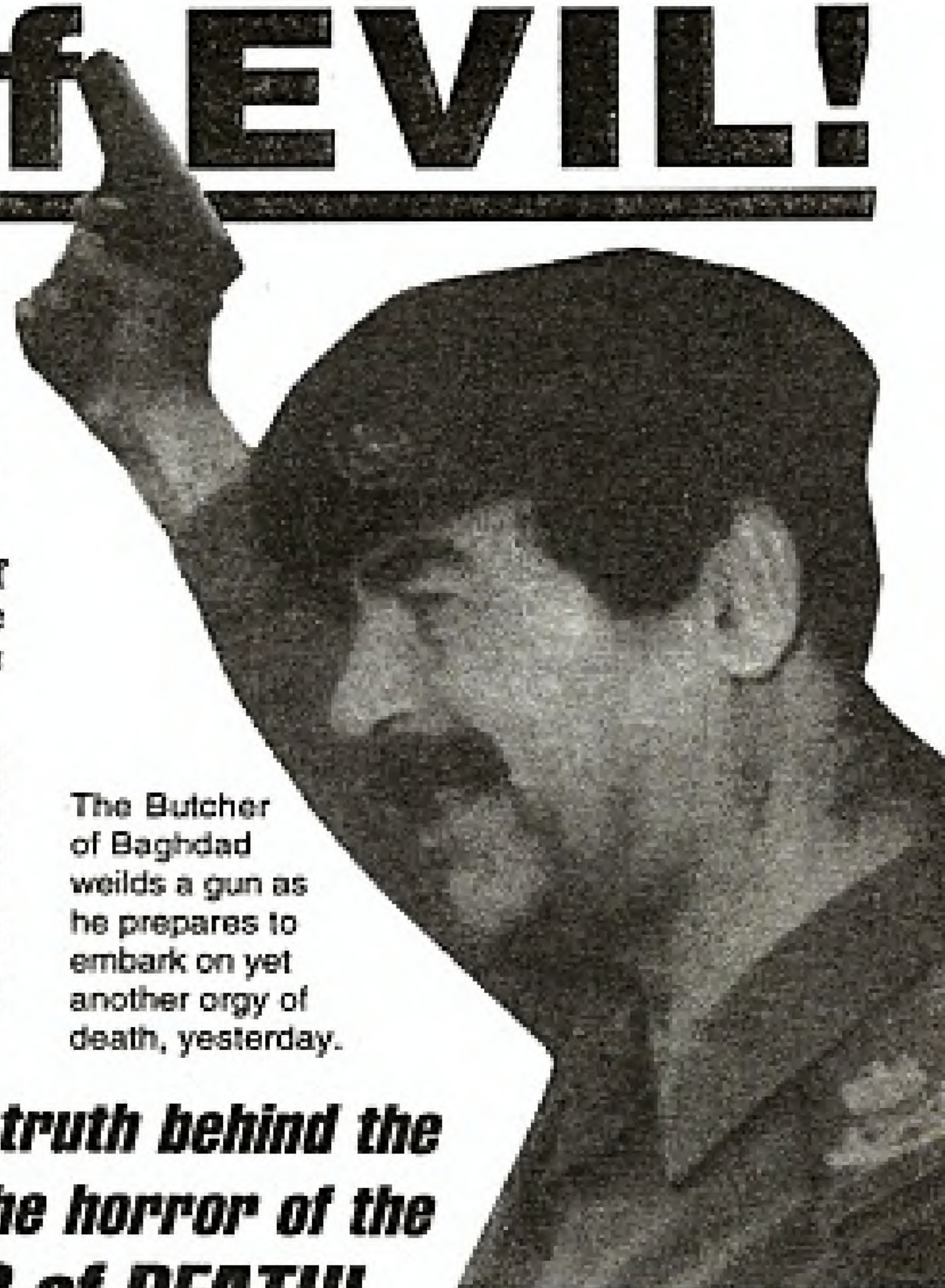
Memphis Slim

So mistrusting is Saddam of his faces the following evening all of his nocturnal ablutions are rounded up in the dead of night, and folded into a soufflé which is then cooked at high temperature. After thirty minutes of agony the twice shot, eaten, liquidised, twice, shitted, drank and pissed out soufflé finally collapses when evil Saddam opens the oven door allowing cold air to rush in.

© Copyright Andy McBride 1998. Andy McBride's book 'Saddam Insane - The Butcher of Baghdad - Portrait of a Monster Painted in Blood on a Canvas of Fear' is published by Guillemot Books, priced £19.99.



Scenes similar to this are common place in the labyrinth of torture chambers beneath evil Saddam's Presidential Palace.



SEAN FREE!

Bond To Be Wild!

- Connery campaigners want star returned to the streets

AN ambitious attempt to release Sean Connery back into the wild is being scheduled for early next year.

The 68 year old actor, who was taken away from his native Edinburgh by film producers almost 50 years ago, is currently being kept in Marbella, Spain, where he spends much of his time playing golf. He is still flown to Hollywood occasionally to perform for film crews.

Star

Conservationists and film fans alike feel that the ageing star should be returned to his natural working class environment after a lifetime spent in showbusiness.

Bounty

Working class Scotsmen are fast becoming an endangered species as a result of New Labour's classless society. The reintroduction of ex pats like Connery back into run down inner city areas could be the only way of maintaining a breeding working class population for the future.

Mars

Last year brown nosing comedian Billy Connolly was released back onto the streets of Glasgow. 'Free Billy' campaigners successfully loaded the banana booted comic into a canvas sling at his mansion in Los Angeles and throughout a 12 hour flight to Glasgow the bloated comic was hosed down with champagne.

Anti-roll

The "Big Yin" was strapped to the top of a Land Rover for the final leg of his journey home from the airport to the Gorbals district of Glasgow. After an emotional farewell from his showbusiness pals, including a tearful Sir David Frost, the bewildered looking star walked nervously away from the vehicle. For few moments he



After 50 years in showbusiness Sean Connery (above) could soon be returning to the wilds of working class Edinburgh.

seemed unsure of himself, then suddenly he bounded off and was quickly lost amongst the tenements.

Paralell

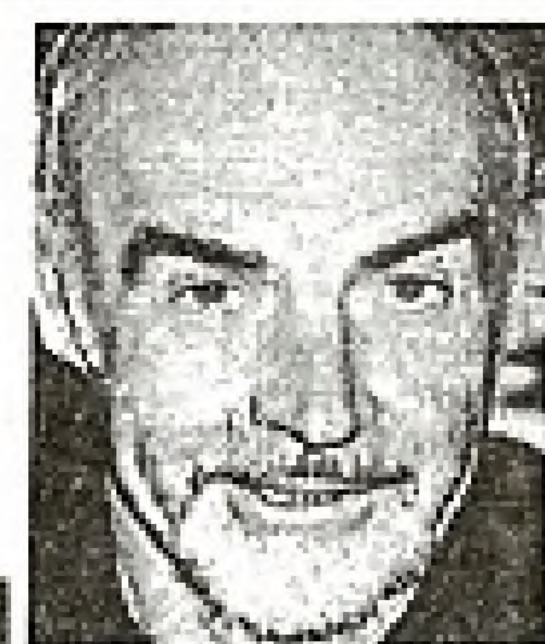
The same team will be handling Connery's release. Dr Jennifer Goodall, Professor in Proletariat Conservationism at Heriot Watt University, will be in charge of the operation.

Gay

"The main danger is that working class celebrities struggle to adapt to their natural environment after spending too long in showbusiness", said the Professor. "But in the run up to Connery's release we will be taking special measures to ensure that the transition goes as smoothly as possible".

Gold

For the next 12 months the millionaire actor will be weaned off playing pro-celebrity golf, and encouraged to make his own breakfast, preferably fried eggs and bacon. "We will also be encouraging him to wear his socks twice before they are washed, and to be less condescending to people on lower incomes than himself", Dr Goodall explained.



Connery's return to the wild is set for Spring of 2000. After his release onto the back streets of Edinburgh his progress will be monitored by scientists using an electronic tagging device attached to his Rolex watch. For his first few weeks of freedom luxury food items such as smoked salmon and quails eggs will be dropped off near to his release point to help the star's transition to self sufficiency. Gradually the quantities will be reduced, encouraging the star to fend for himself.

Musclebound

Scientists hope that Connery's release will be more successful than that of Billy Connolly, whose freedom lasted less than a week. He was found beaten up in the Bells Hill area of Glasgow where he had been scavenging for caviar in dustbins outside a chip shop.

True

"Unfortunately in Billy Connolly's case the other working class males appear to have rejected him", Dr Goodall explained. "They probably noticed a foreign scent - like the smell of Prince Andrew's shit on his nose - and reacted violently."

Crooner Phil in crocodile shock



SINGER Phil Collins has vowed never to record a song about crocodiles. For the slap headed pop millionaire is a real-life Captain Hook.

Like the pirate in Peter Pan ugly Collins, 46, is terrified of the razor toothed reptiles. So much so he demanded record company bosses write a clause in his contract excusing him from writing or performing songs about, or including references to, crocodiles.

False

Over the years crocodile rockers have made a fortune singing about the snap happy creatures. In 1973 Elton John's 'Crocodile Rock' soared to No. 5 in the charts. The ivory tinkling arse tickler celebrated by snapping up 2,000 pairs of crocodile skin shoes the very next day.

Waterloo

A chubby young Geordie schoolkid was so inspired by seeing Elton's extravagant footwear on Top Of The Pops, 20 years later he wrote a song about it. Plank actor Jimmy Nail's 'Crocodile Shoes' was a massive hit, and launched the Easter Island statue headed star's singing career.

Paddington

Yet Phil Collins refuses to take the crocodile bait. "It would be easy for Phil to write a song about crocodiles and make a fortune, but he was never one for taking the easy way out", said one record company insider.

Winnie the Pooh

Ironically Collins's phobia does not extend to alligators. And just as well! For the stocking faced star, whose hits include 'In The Air Tonight', is a keen alligator breeder and keeps a dozen of the scaly croc lookalikes in a giant cuckoo clock fastened securely to the wall at his Swiss mountain home.



Phil Collins (above) will not try rocking the crocodile rock - his feet just can't keep still, thank you very much.

WHO WANTS TO KICK A MILLIONAIRE



UP THE ARSE?

WELCOME to the brand new game where if you're lucky YOU could get to kick millionaire television game show host Chris Tarrant as hard as you like right up his fucking jackole.

The rules are simple. We ask you a simple multiple choice question. If you answer it correctly, you could plant a hobnail boot up Chris Tarrant's chocolate starfish. If you want to play, simply send £5 cash to us at our usual address, then answer the following question.

What is a fish?

Is it (a) a bird?
Is it (b) a mammal?
Is it (c) an insect?
Or is it (d) a fish?

Write your answer here then turn to page 36 to see if you win.

Raffles

The Gentleman Thug



The THREE SHAKESPEARES



STRAFORD-UPON-AVON, IN THE YEAR 1592 - AT THE HOME OF THE SHAKESPEARE FAMILY

"YOU HAVEN'T PROVIDED US WITH A SINGLE POEM OR PLAY FOR WEEKS, YOU USELESS GREAT LUMP"



"HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO SURVIVE WITHOUT POETRY? WE'RE CULTURALLY FINISHED"

"... AND DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT A POETIC OR DRAMATIC LITERARY COMPOSITION WHICH EXPRESSES TIMELESS TRUTHS ABOUT THE HUMAN CONDITION"



BOOT

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE'S PLACE IS FULL OF PLAYS AND STUFF WHAT HE'S AWRATE



"HE'LL NOT MIND IF I SHAFPLE A FEW VERSES. ARF! ARF!"

"I'LL JUST LEAVE THE MANUSCRIPT OF MY LATEST PLAY OUT ON THE WINDOW-SILL, TO COOL"



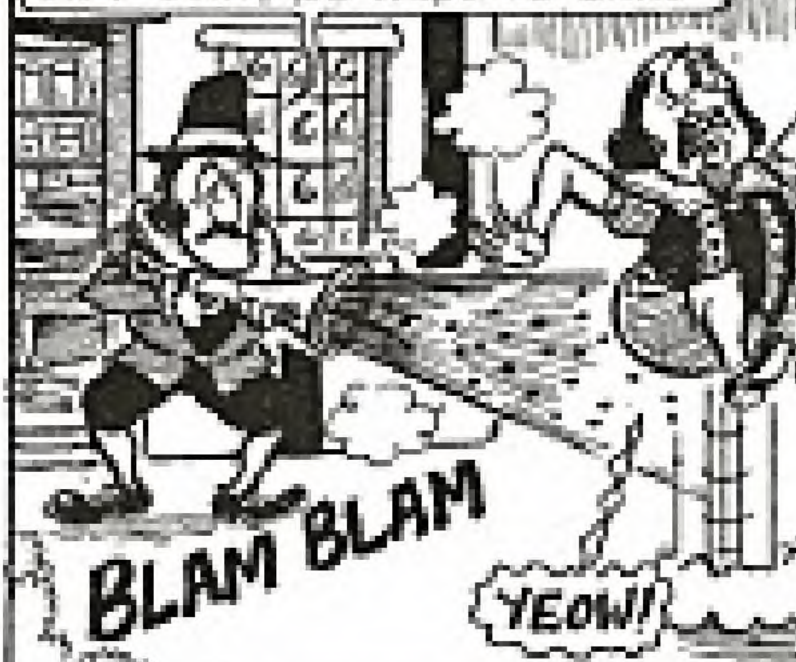
"OH!"

"O DRUG! - COME TO ME, MY LITTLE BEAUTY"



"GOPS! WHAT'VE I TRIPPED ON?"

"SO! TRYING TO PINCH MY WRITINGS, EH? SCAT, YOU THEVIN' BARD"



BLAM BLAM

"YEOW!"

"THIS LITTLE RUSE CAN'T FAIL"



IRON FILINGS
POUR

"PLEASE ACCEPT THIS BOTTLE OF WRITING INK, WITH COMPLIMENTS FROM A WELL-WASHER"



"TA VERY MUCH"

"LATER - SHORTLY - HE'S WRITTEN A BUNCH OF POEMS WITH MY IRON-FILING-ADULTERATED INK"



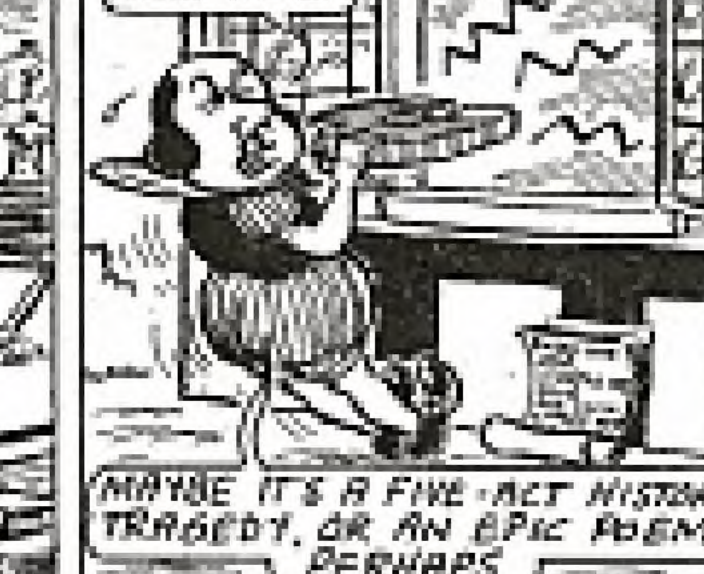
"NOW WATCH ME SWIPE THEM USING THIS POWERFUL MAGNET"

"WHAT IS - ? MY POEMS! I SMELL A SNEAKY SHAKESPEAREAN TRICK"



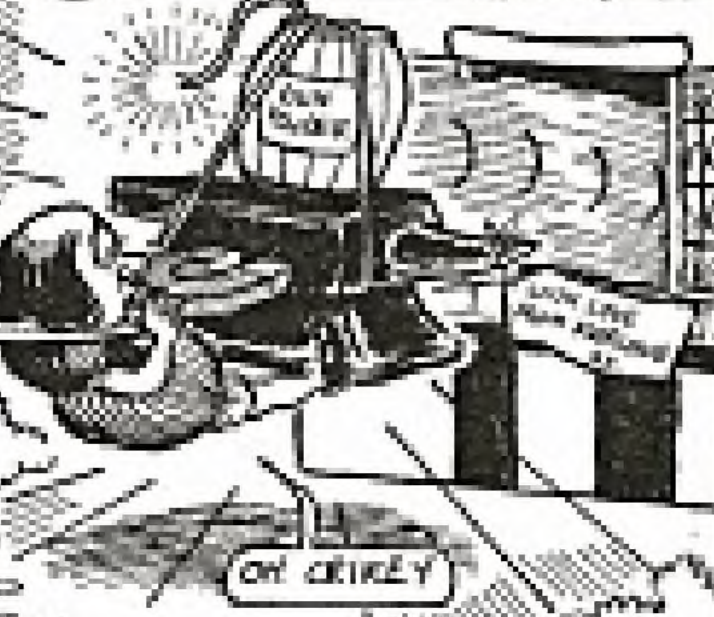
"WELL, I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON"

"GRUNT - IT FEELS LIKE MY MAGNET HAS GOT HOLD OF SOMETHING PRETTY BIG, THIS TIME"



"MAYBE IT'S A FIVE-ACT HISTORICAL TRAGEDY, OR AN EPIC POEM, PERHAPS"

CLANG!



"OH CRICKY"

BOOM

"BAN! BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD"



"HEH HEH!"

"I MUST DELIVER THESE SONNETS TO TODAY"



C. MARLOWE
DRAMATIST & POET

"HERE HE COMES NOW"



"NOW TO AMBUSH HIM AND NAB ALL THEM LOVELY SONNETS"

"GERONIMO"



"I WAS EXPECTING THIS"

WHUMP



SPROING



"HO! HO! THAT'S BEEN THE LAST OF THAT PESKY BARD"



10,000 FEET BELOW

CRUNCH

"GOSH! I'VE LANDED ON THIS DISTINGUISHED ELIZABETHAN AUTHOR AND ESSAYIST"



"AND HIS WAGON IS CRACK-FULL OF TOP-NOTCH LITERARY COMPOSITIONS!"

"SO, BACK AT THE SHAKESPEARES' HOME"



"TUCK IN, FAMILY"

"SLOOO!"

"SLABBER - OUR FAVOURITE DRAMATIC MONOLOGUES COMPOSED IN IAMBIC DECASYLLABIC BLANK VERSE, AND MASH"

BIFFA BACON



You've lost that loving feline...



Love is a fickle house guest. One day it makes itself at home in our hearts, the next day it leaves without paying the rent.

Jilly Hooper had been getting bad vibes from her live-in partner Oliver. The sparkle seemed to have gone from their relationship. Jilly decided it was time for a heart to heart...

We need to talk, Ollie. About US. Something's wrong, isn't it?

You're not happy, are you? What is it Ollie? Is it me?



When we first moved in together you used to bring me presents; dead mice, and birds from the garden. But now you've changed...

You've been so... distant lately. I can't help feeling that we're somehow... drifting apart.



Oliver! Where do you think you're going? You can't walk away from this. Come back!

Don't you think we should talk?



Jilly knew the flame of love was flickering. Later that day she confided in her best pal Jemma about Ollie's offish behaviour.

I'm worried Jem, he's just not been himself. He's moody, has no appetite, and worst of all he's lost interest in me.

The magic isn't there anymore. That sparkle in his eyes, the warmth of his touch. It's gone. His mind just seems to be elsewhere.

Don't be silly Jilly. He's been very busy lately chasing birds in the garden. Perhaps he's just a bit stressed out. Why not make him a meal tonight, something special for a change.



That evening Jilly had a special surprise waiting for Oliver when he got home...

Wait till he sees this. Dinner by candle light. Faddy Kat, his favourite, with duck's lungs and fish bile.



And for the last course, me, served up in his favourite dress!

If this doesn't turn him on, nothing will!



But minutes, and then hours passed by, and still there was no sign of Oliver. By midnight Jilly was on the verge of giving up.

I may as well bin his dinner and go to bed. God knows where he's got to.



Just at that moment, the cat flap opened.



And what time do you call this? I've been up half the night waiting for you.

I cooked you your favourite meal, I had it all ready for 8 o'clock. Where've you been until this time?



And don't you just sit there looking like that. You've been up to something haven't you? You've been seeing someone else!



It's another woman, isn't it? Who is she? How long has this been going on?

For God's sake Oliver... I need to know. I can't bear this any longer.



But Oliver was unmoved. He ignored Jilly and slinked off towards the kitchen.

Where the hell do you think you're going? You haven't eaten your dinner.

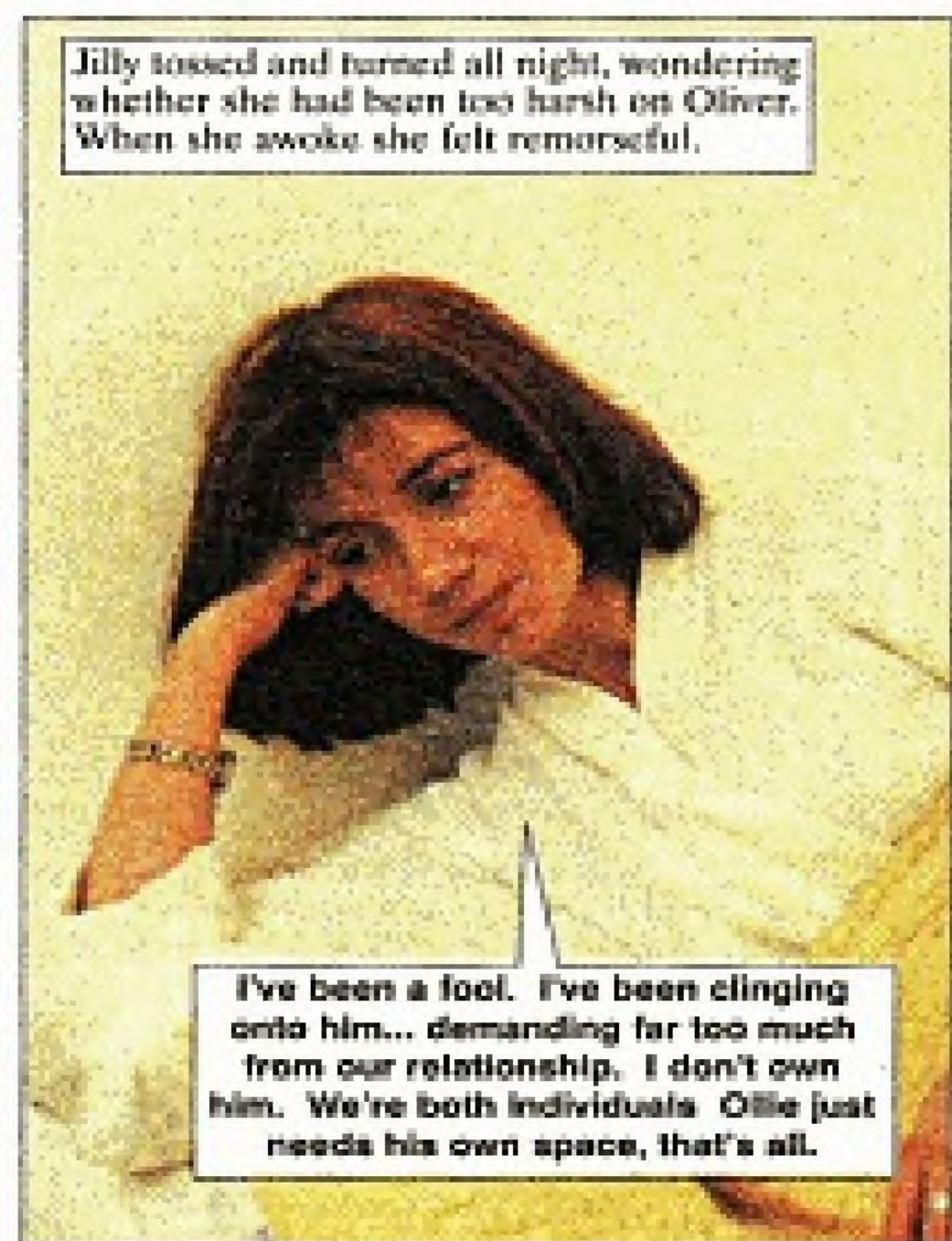
Don't just walk away from me like that. God damn it, I'm talking to you!



Fine! If you want to sleep down here, suit yourself. But I'm off to bed.

And in the morning, you can pack your bags and GO!

You don't love me anymore... and I don't love you!



Jilly tossed and turned all night, wondering whether she had been too harsh on Oliver. When she awoke she felt remorseful.

I've been a fool. I've been clinging onto him... demanding far too much from our relationship. I don't own him. We're both individuals. Ollie just needs his own space, that's all.



Poor thing, he's been asleep on the floor all night.

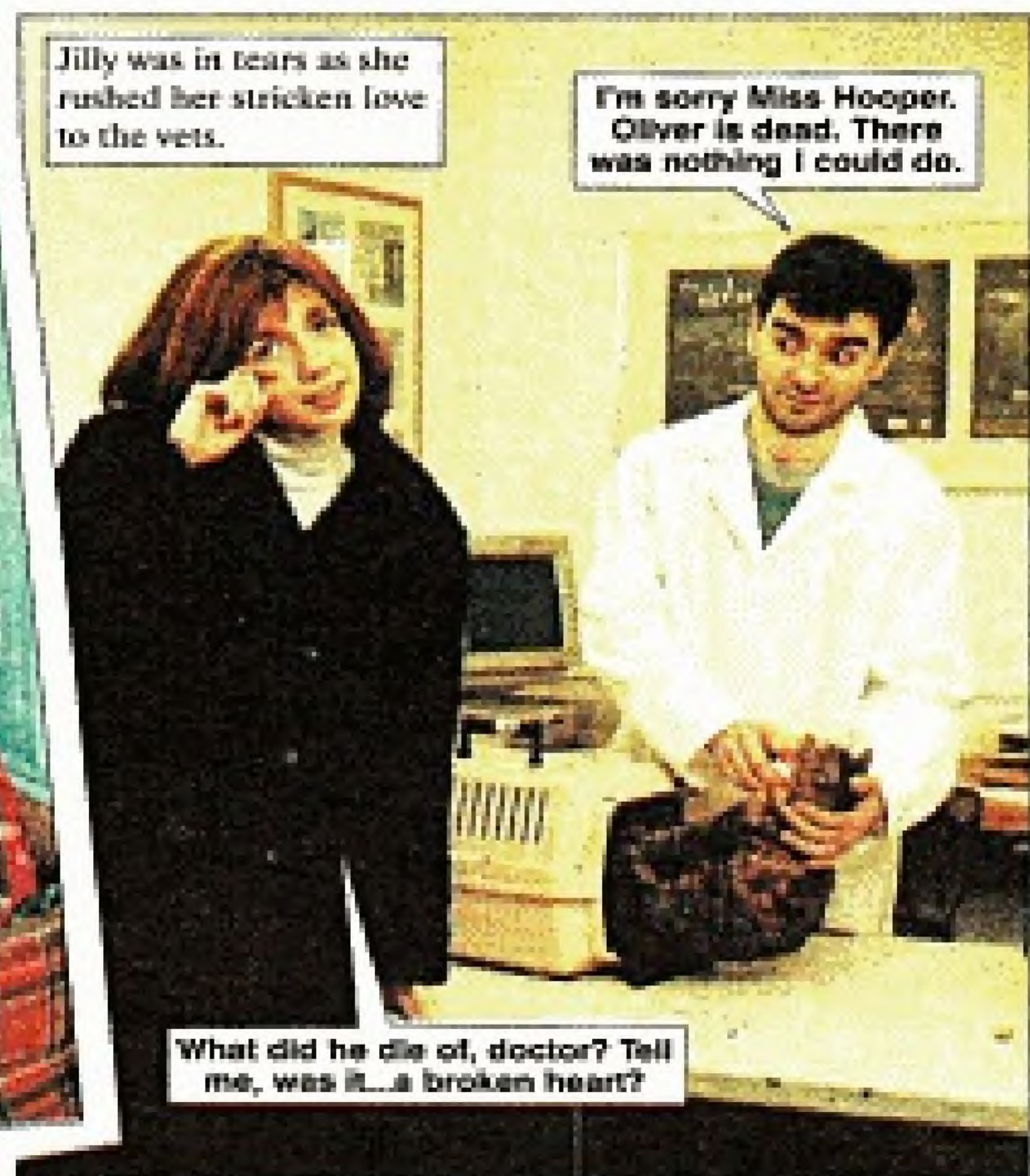
I'll apologise and make him some breakfast. This morning will be a new beginning for us!



But...

Ollie? Ollie! What's the matter...

OH NO! OLIVER!!!!



Jilly was in tears as she rushed her stricken love to the vets.

I'm sorry Miss Hooper. Oliver is dead. There was nothing I could do.

What did he die of, doctor? Tell me, was it... a broken heart?

No, your cat died of feline viral leukaemia, Miss Hooper. Classic symptoms include moodiness, loss of appetite, and staying out late at night.

No!!! No!!!! No!!!!

If only you'd brought him to me a bit earlier, I could have saved him.

The pain and the guilt were more than Jilly could bear. In the days following the funeral she stayed at home and spoke to no-one.

I'm sorry Oliver. Please forgive me.

In her heart she knew she could never love again.

But after the flames have died the embers of love glow in the darkest of hearts. And time, the great firelighter of love, eventually rekindles the flame.

Soon Jilly began to go out again, and make new friends.

PET SHOP

OPENING

Hi, I've noticed you around.

I'm Jilly. What's your name?

HEDGE-HOGS
3 for £1

Slowly, very slowly Jilly learned to live... and love... again.

Come back here! Hey! I can't keep up with you!

Oh Peter. Thanks for bringing me here tonight. I've had the most wonderful evening.

Being with you somehow feels so right...

Oh Peter... I'm not sure, but I think...

... I think I love you

But deep inside, Jilly's emotional scars remained...

Come on Jilly... I'm only rabbit. I have the needs of any rodent. Isn't it about time we...

I'm sorry Peter... When the time is right, it will happen. But I can't... Not yet. It's just... too early.

Fucking hell... It's been six weeks now!

My nuts are like two tins of Fussella milk!

The End

IT'S BALLOONNA

START

You have not tied the neck of your balloon properly, and all the air comes out. Go back to start.

Congratulations. A perfect take off! Your balloon sails skywards. Unfortunately you're not in it. Neither is anyone else. Miss 2 turns while recovery teams try to find it.

Who wants to be a millionaire? To amass vast fortunes, build business empires, and then piss it all in the wind vainly attempting to circumnavigate the world in a poxy balloon. Richard Branson's life has been as eventful as his balloon attempts have been farcical. Now you can live that lavish lifestyle, and experience the ups and downs of being Britain's grinniest deathwish millionaire, with this fabulous boardgame. As well as a thrilling race around the world, it is also a dazzling insight into the life of Richard Branson, as told in his recent autobiography.

POP!

Your balloon has burst. Grab a lifejacket and go back to square 1.

It's your birthday. Grab a lifejacket and go back to square 1.

"CHEESE!"

Photo call. Miss a turn while you dress up as a woman

Freshly circumcised, you unwisely settle down to watch the sexy sci-fi film *Barbarella*. Your banjo snaps. Return to the Banjo Hospital.

You're allergic to your first wife's tanny butter and your cock swells up like a balloon. Go to Portland Street Banjo Hospital to have your *Kojak's* roll-neck removed.

"CHEESE!"

Photo call. Miss a turn while you dangle off a helicopter.

"CHEESE!"

Photo call. Miss a turn while you dress up as a Long John Silver.

At Princess Diana's funeral you badly misjudge the mood of the nation, grinning and waving to the crowds as if you were arriving at a Royal Variety Performance. Go back 2 spaces.

POP!

Your balloon has burst. Grab a lifejacket and go back to square 1.

WORLD: POLITICS

Map Scale 1 : 104,000,000

Projection : Mercator

Shipping Routes

(Distances in Nautical Miles)

105 West from 90 Greenwich

CY!

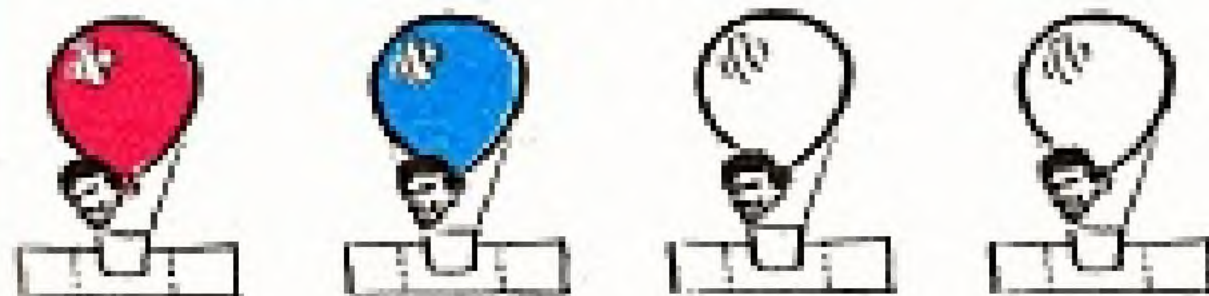
THE LIFE & TIMES OF RICHARD BRANSON

A ROUND THE WORLD SUICIDAL, SELF-PUBLICISING, GRINNING BILLIONAIRE BOARD GAME FOR 2 OR MORE PLAYERS.



Instructions

Cut out the 4 counters below and fold back the tabs. Take turns at throwing the dice and move the appropriate number of spaces. Do not start until you throw a six to be born with a silver spoon in your grinning gob.



your fourth try. Miss a turn as your mother as you walk on a motor building 50 mile trek to Lummouth, on your own.

Whilst at Stowe public school you start writing your very own strum book about a young Scandinavian school matron. Miss a turn while you and your tag have a milk race.

The headmaster expels you from public school, aged 13, for making nocturnal visits to his 18-year-old daughter's bedroom. Go back 2 places for being a fucking liar.

At University you develop an unhealthy interest in Family Planning. Don a pair of Joe 90 glasses and open your very own hippy clap clinic. Business booms - go forwards 2 spaces.



Portland Street Banjo Hospital

Knock knock! You're caught smuggling records from Belgium. Miss 2 turns while the Customs & Excise look you up.

POP!

Your balloon has burst. Grab a lifejacket and go back to square 1.

"CHEESE!"

Photo call. Miss a turn while you dress up as a Zulu warrior.

After only weeks in the bookshop your £20 attempt at an autobiography is reduced to £16. Miss a turn.

At the Virgin Cola launch you pose for pictures with Pamela Anderson. Woop! You've burst your banjo again. Return to the Banjo Hospital.

"CHEESE!"

Photo call. Miss a turn while you lie on top of an aeroplane.

SPLASH!

You have ditched into the sea. Start again.

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

Dominions

French Union

Belgian Trust Territory

Boundaries

East from 105 Greenwich 120

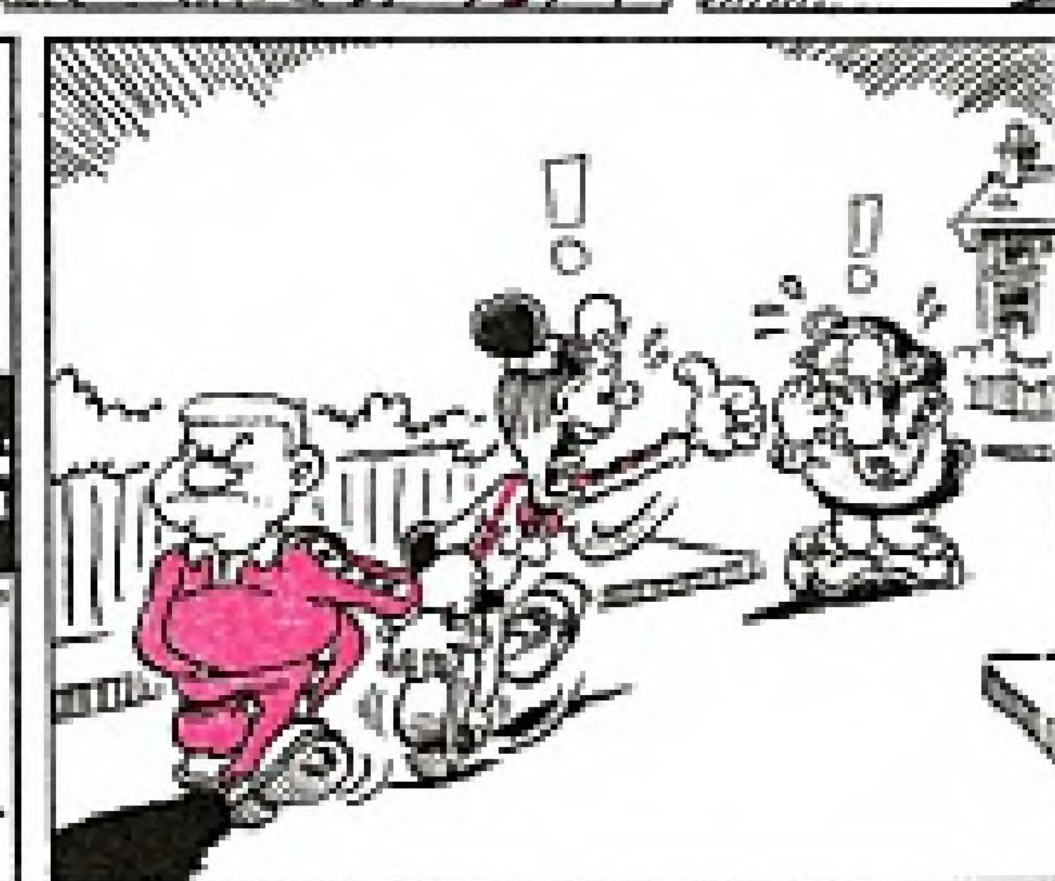
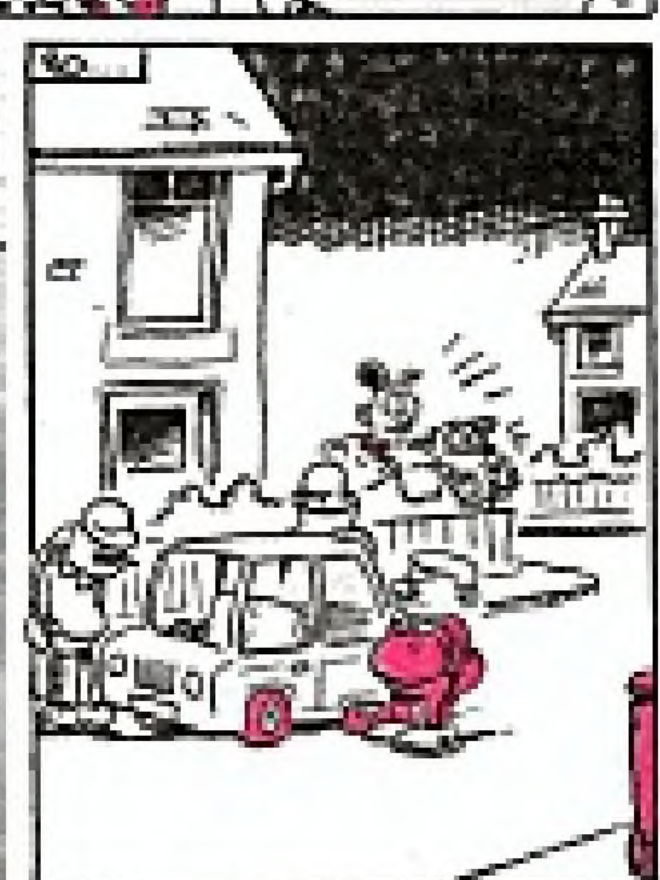
135

150

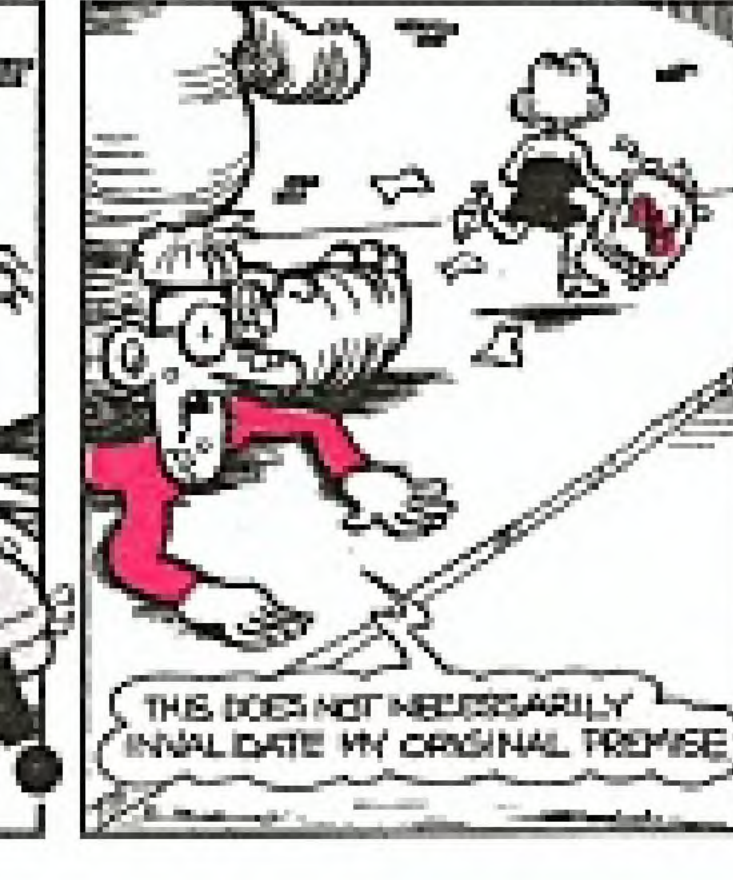
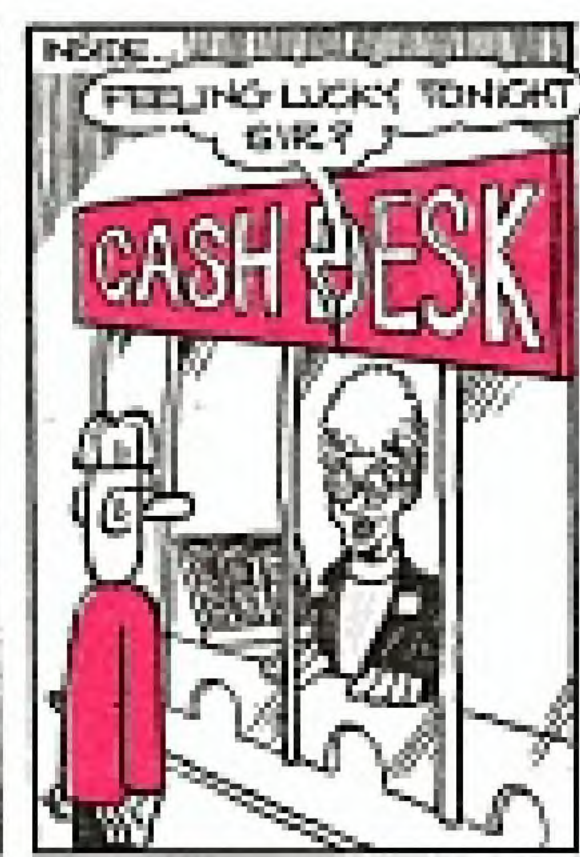
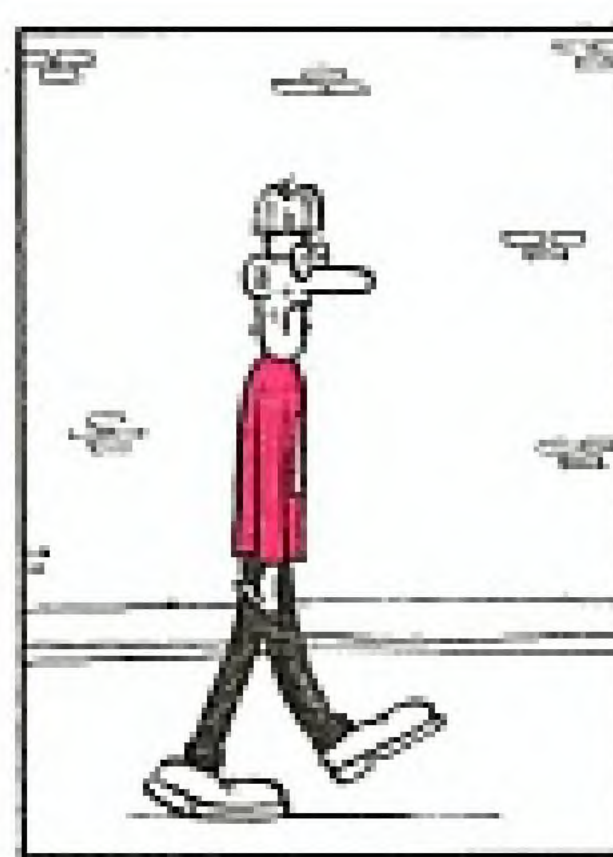
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180

195



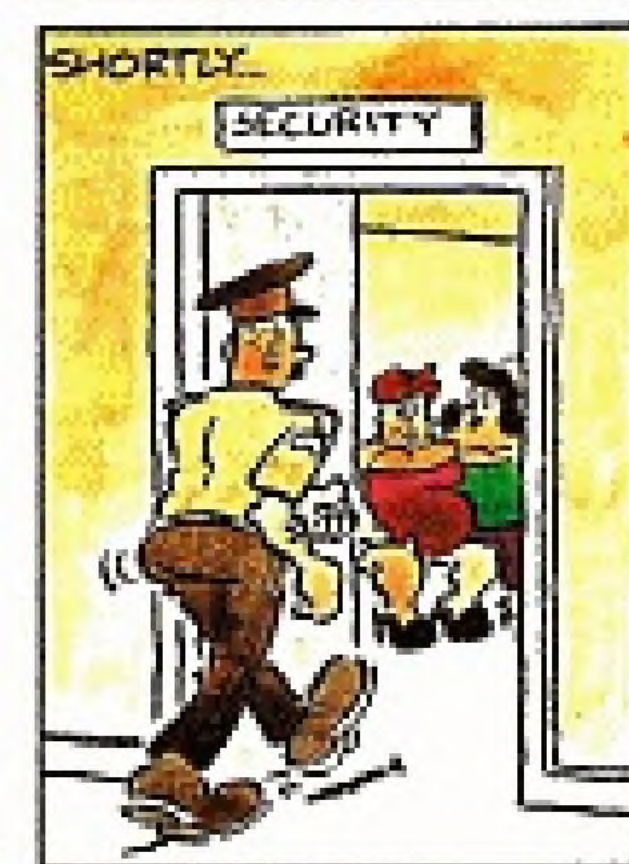




I'VE GOT T'MEET THELMA AT THE CLAP CLINIC... THE DIRTY BITCH HAS GOT A DOSE

ME





As our favourite Royal approaches her 100th year we ask... Has the Queen Mum been clocked?

NEXT month the Queen Mother celebrates her 99th birthday. And at Buckingham Palace elaborate plans are already underway to celebrate her centenary early in the new millenium.

The Royals will be cashing in on this record-breaking birthday like never before, with parties, stamps and lavish church services already planned. But one man believes the Queen Mother's 100th birthday bash is nothing more than a sham.

Wound

For Roy Biggins believes that the Queen Mum could already be 130 years old, and that her age has been wound back at some point in the past by an unscrupulous owner.

Wound

Mr Biggins, 48, worked as care attendant in a retirement home for over 18 months before being sacked for stealing money. And he believes the Queen Mother has been clocked.

Wugged

"Her teeth are a dead giveaway", he told us. "They've yellowed with age. You can give a coffin dodger as many new hips as you like, but the teeth will always be a giveaway".

Wock

Mr Biggins also points to the Queen Mother's arse as further evidence that all is not as it seems. "Your Victorians preferred a fuller, rounder figure. The Queen Mum's podgy backside is typical of that era. After the turn of the century your Edwardians went for a more streamlined body, with smaller tits. Looking at her teeth and bum I'd date the Queen Mum no later than 1870, and possibly a lot earlier than that".

Wagged

If the Queen Mother's age is not genuine, the implications for the Royal Family are serious. "To



The Queen Mum today - a good little runner considering her age.

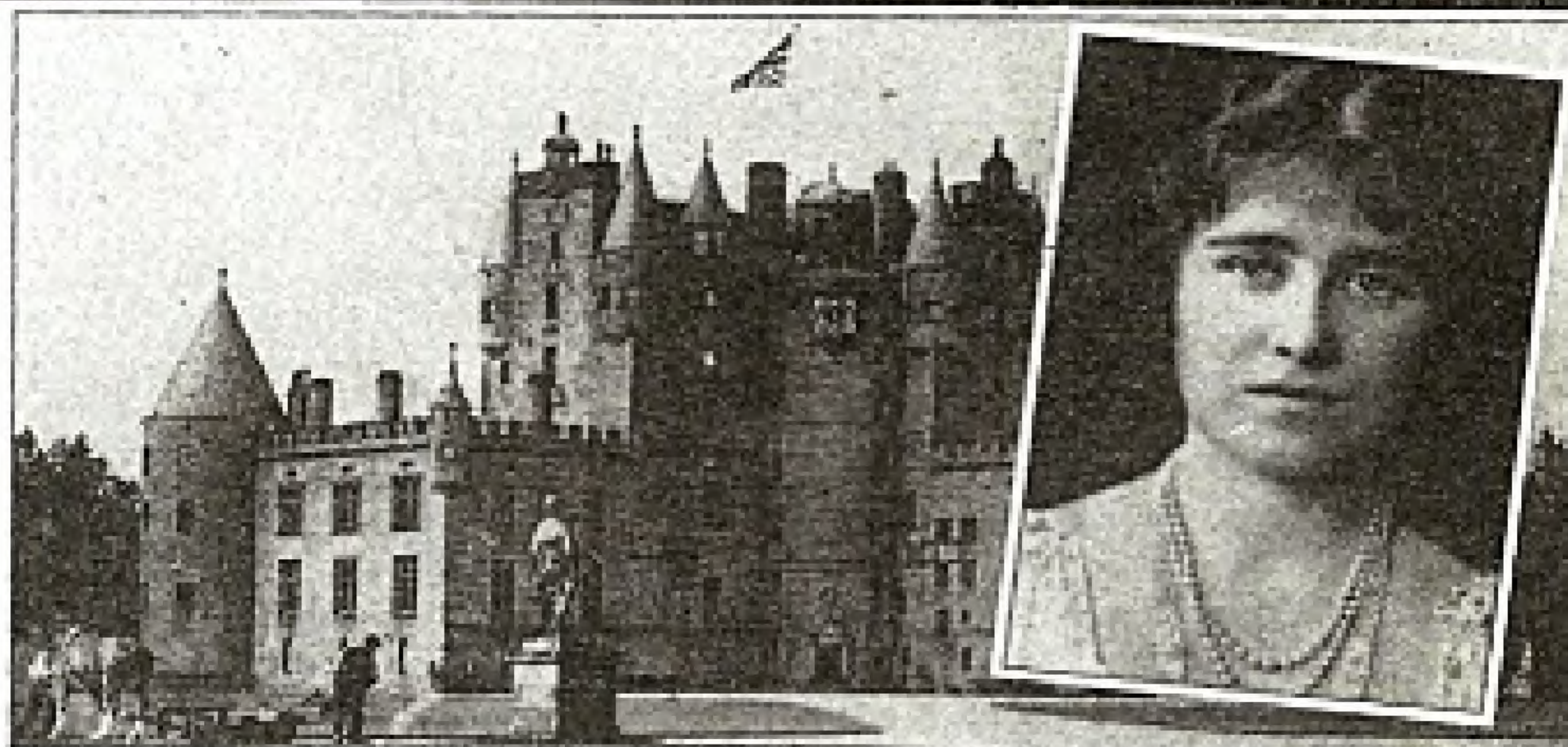
begin with her life insurance will be invalid", Mr Biggins claimed. "And her value will greatly reduced. A one hundred year old Queen Mum is a marketing man's dream. But a clapped out 130 year old bag is nothing special, and she's going to eat money over the next few years".

Wascal

The Queen Mum's service history is patchy. King George VI is known to have acquired her privately from the Bowes-Lyon family during a visit to Durham in 1923. But there are no records before then, and it is possible that the Bowes-Lyons tampered with her age in order to make her more eligible for a Royal wedding to King George.

Wan

A more worrying possibility is that part of the Queen Mother may indeed be 99, but that the rest of her body could be that of an older woman. Mr Biggins claims that in the retirement home trade, "cut and shut" pensioners - hybrid fogies made out of two or more write-offs welded together - are increasingly common.



The Queen Mother's first registered owners were the Bowes-Lyons whose address on her birth certificate was this Durham castle. From here she was acquired by the Royal Family in 1923.

Is Britain's prized Royal asset really a 130 year old banger?

"They're usually cobbled together by some back street bodger and the join covered up by a lick of beige clothing. But they're death traps. Hips can fall off, their arses could crash at any minute, and their colostomy bags have been known to explode" says Roy, who claims that many lonely old folk are tricked into marrying 'cut and shuts' in rest homes by unscrupulous proprietors who continue to claim benefit for dead guests in this way.

Pale

Over the years Roy has seen every trick in the book used by unscrupulous rest home proprietors trying to make a quick profit. "Popular tricks of the trade include putting sawdust in their mouths to prevent them from slaverling, and breaking an egg up their arse", he told us yesterday.

Visiting old people can be a perilous business. Here's Roy's top ten tips for anyone thinking of paying an elderly relative a visit in sheltered accommodation or in a retirement home.

1. Always make sure the address where they're living is the same as the address on their pension book.

2. Always ask to see the original birth certificate.

3. Don't be afraid to take their hat off and have a look around underneath.

4. Ask the keeper if you can take them out for a cup of tea and cucumber sandwiches. Listen for excessive wind noise, and check their seat for damp patches afterwards.

5. Check the tailpipe for spluttering, and look out for signs of overspray around the flies.

6. Ask them about the war, and listen out for incoherent ramblings.

7. Beware of new clothes - they could be covering up old problems.

8. Make sure their shoe sizes matches the shoe size given on their birth certificate.

9. The keeper may tell you that the pensioner is tired and needs a nap. Don't be hurried into making a quick decision. Take your time.

10. Insist on seeing full medical history. Otherwise you could be storing up trouble for the future.

Aged Concern offer a 101 point check to anyone thinking of visiting a pensioner. "It costs £50, but that is a small price to pay compared to the cost of hip replacements, cataract operations and stair lifts", said a spokesman yesterday.

WHO WANTS TO KICK A MILLIONAIRE UP THE ARSE?

Continued from page 13.

The correct answer was (d) a fish.

Check your answer (on page 13) with the correct answer above. If they match, congratulations! You have just won a kick up the arse... of someone who has got £100.

Go out and find someone who has got £100, then kick them up the arse. Once you've done that, buy the next issue of Viz and there'll be another question for you to answer. *Get that one right and you double your prize - you get to kick someone who has got £200 up the arse!* Keep getting your questions right and in a mere 15 issues (two and a half years time) you could be kicking millionaire Chris Tarrant up his smug money spinning backside!

NB. If you got the wrong answer, don't worry. You can play again by simply sending another £5 to us at the usual address.

The Mitford & Mosley Mint are proud to present a charming study of nascent evil

Ich Bin Ein Naughty Boy

Your back was only turned for a minute, but that's all the time little Hitler needed to 'goebbel' up all your chocolates. The little scamp! You know you should be cross, but one look into those icily malevolent baby blue eyes, and you just have to smile. It's a captivating moment of innocence in the childhood of the world's most brutal dictator that will touch the heart of any mother.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Smartly dressed in his little brown shirt, his armband emblazoned with the world-famous "Swastika" trademark, this historic heirloom collector premier doll will goose-step straight into your affections. *Ich Bin ein Naughty Boy* is the first doll ever authorised by the Nazi Party in collaboration with the Mitford & Mosley Mint. Crafted in fine hand-painted stuff, cheeky little Hitler is perfect in every detail. The toothbrush moustache... the chocolatey mouth twisted in genocidal hatred... the single testicle dangling forlornly in his trousers. All are lovingly captured by world-renowned doll artist Milka Magnesia.

Jesus! It's two hundred quid!

This Nazi brand doll is being made available in an edition strictly limited to the number of dolls which can be made out of the total amount of stuff in the world, at the attractive (to us) price of just £199.99 (plus 1p postage & packing), payable in increasingly inconvenient monthly instalments.



**Doll shown slightly less whimsically enchanting than actual whimsical enchantment.*

DAFT COW RESERVATION APPLICATION

No no no, I really can't afford it. Oh, go on then. In for a penny, in for £200. Take it, take it all. It doesn't mean anything now the kids have flown the nest.

Name _____

Address _____

Bank account no. _____ Sort code _____

I understand that payments will be taken automatically by direct debit until my mummified body is found slumped in front of the television, with the gas fire blazing and 5 years worth of junk mail behind the door.

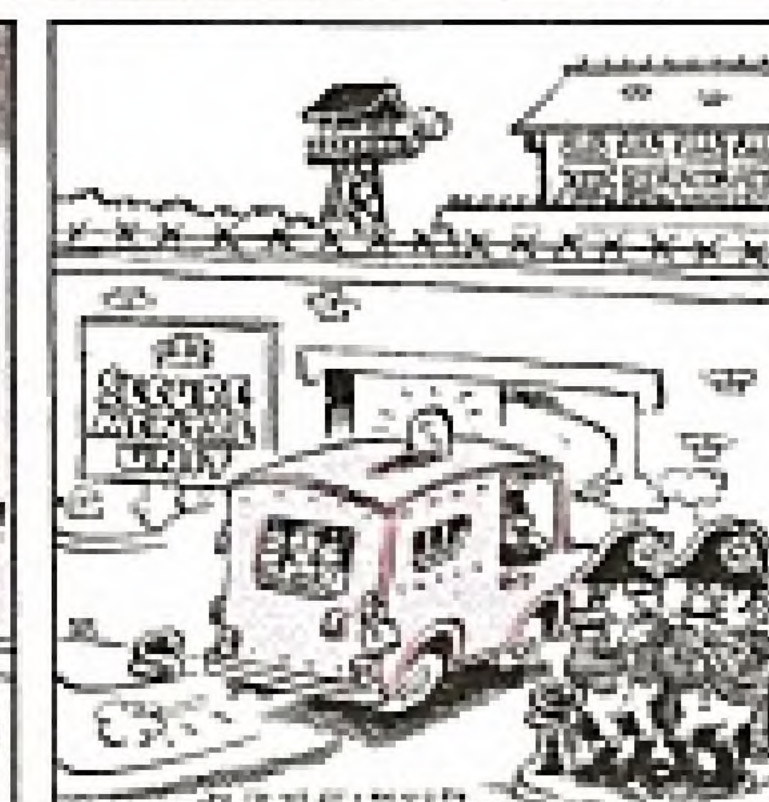
Signed _____



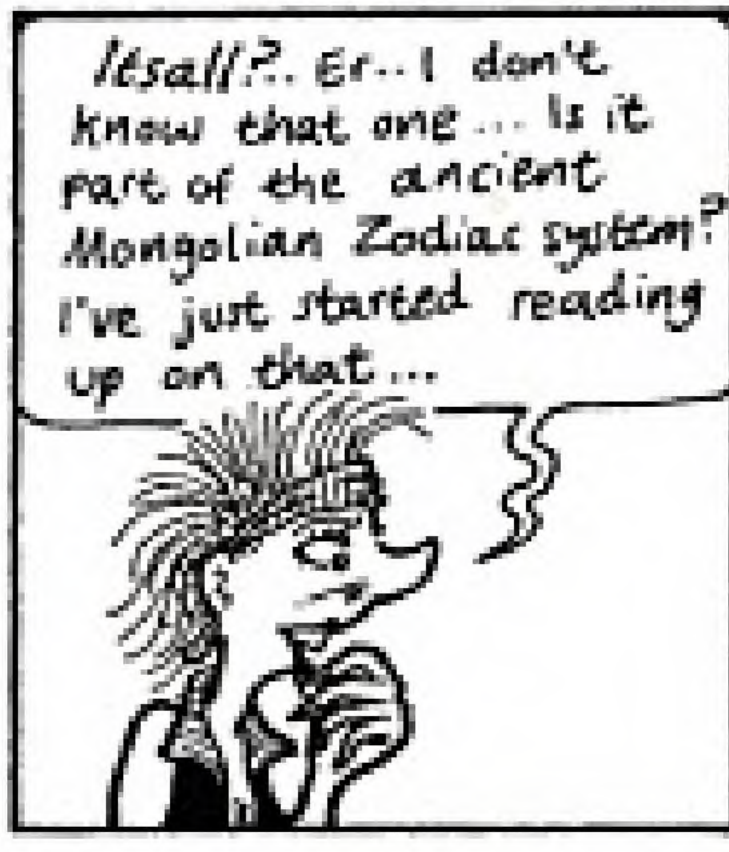
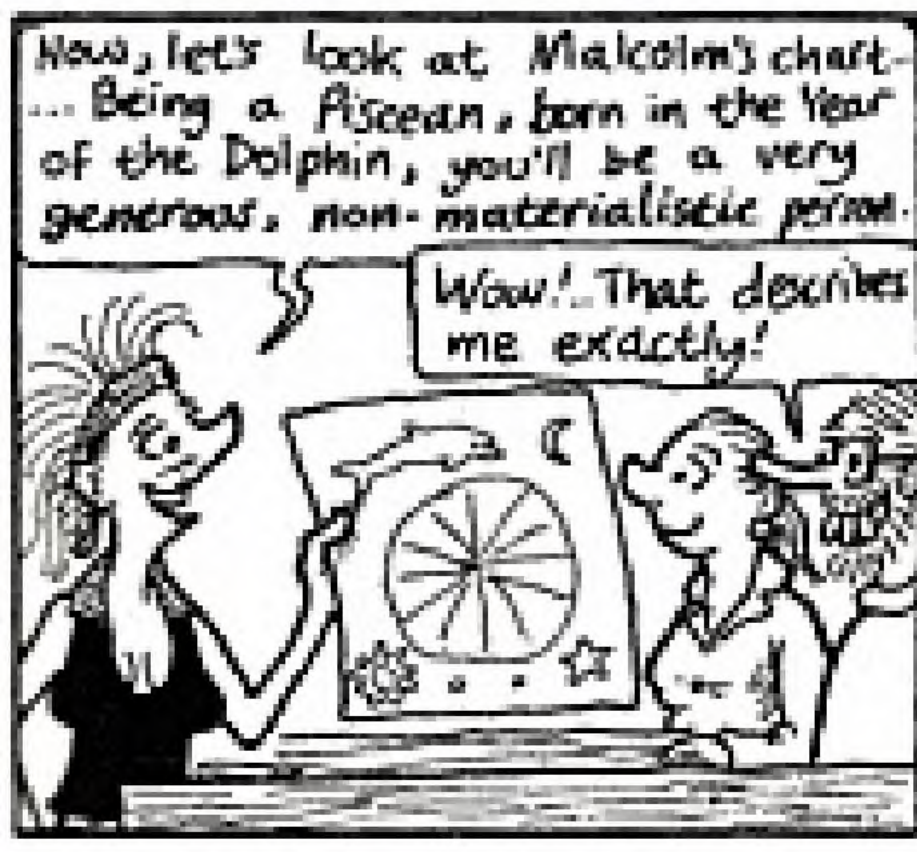
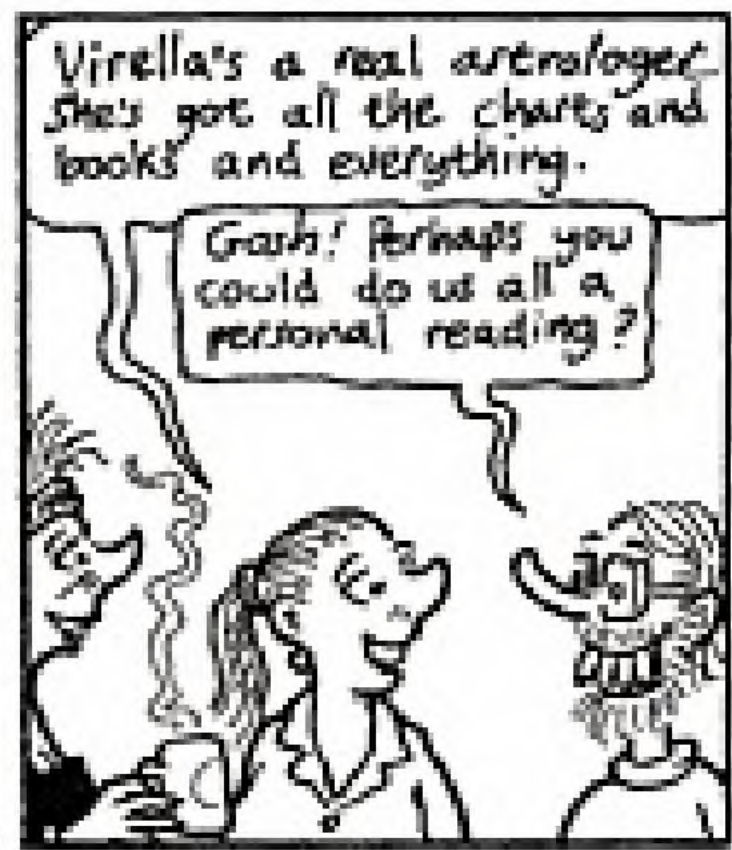
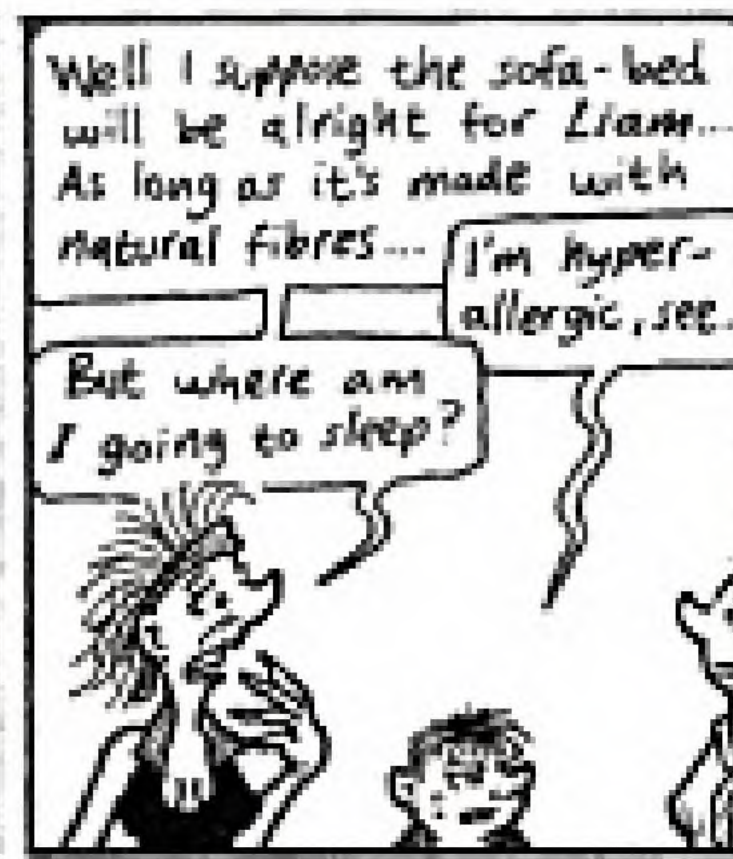
The Artist

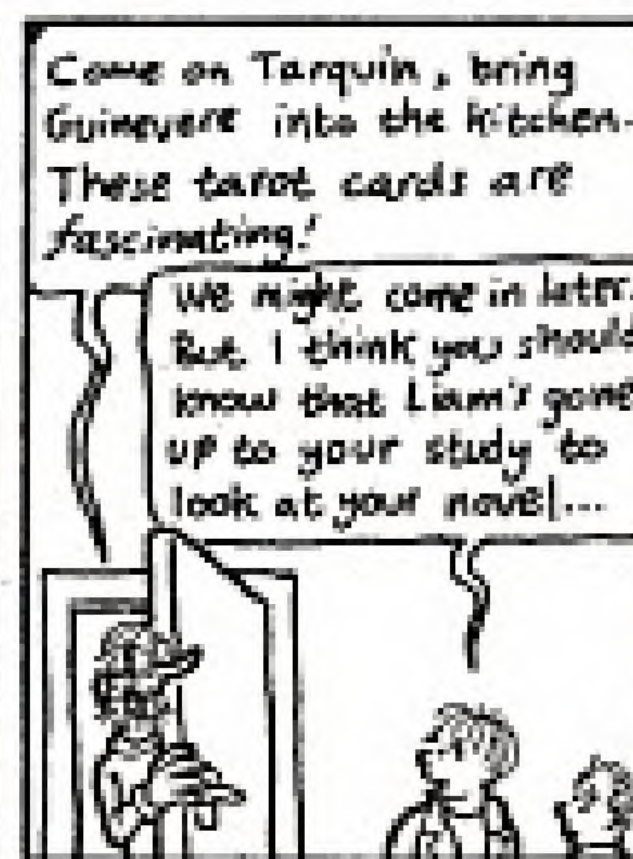
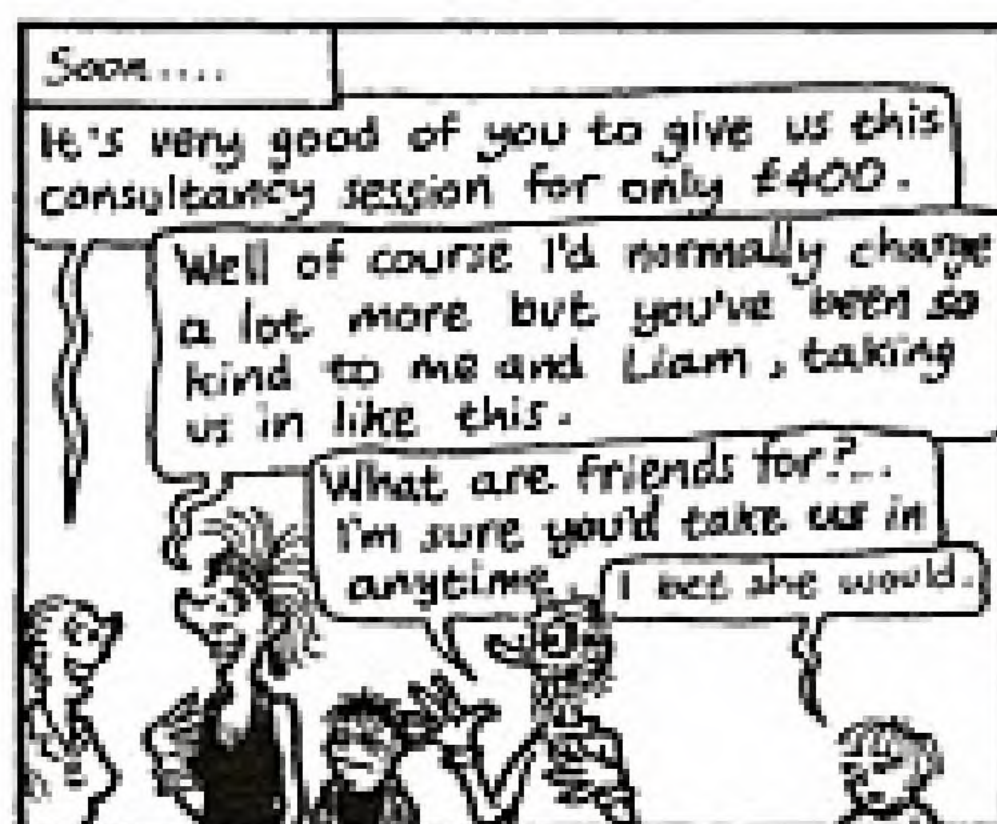
World-renowned doll artist Milka Magnesia was born into a family of prestigious doll artists (her father was much acclaimed and her mother was internationally celebrated). When not highly sought-after, she spends her time being widely respected.

(FRUIT BUNN THE MASTER BAKER & HIS GINGERBREAD SEX DOLLS)



THE MODERN PARENTS

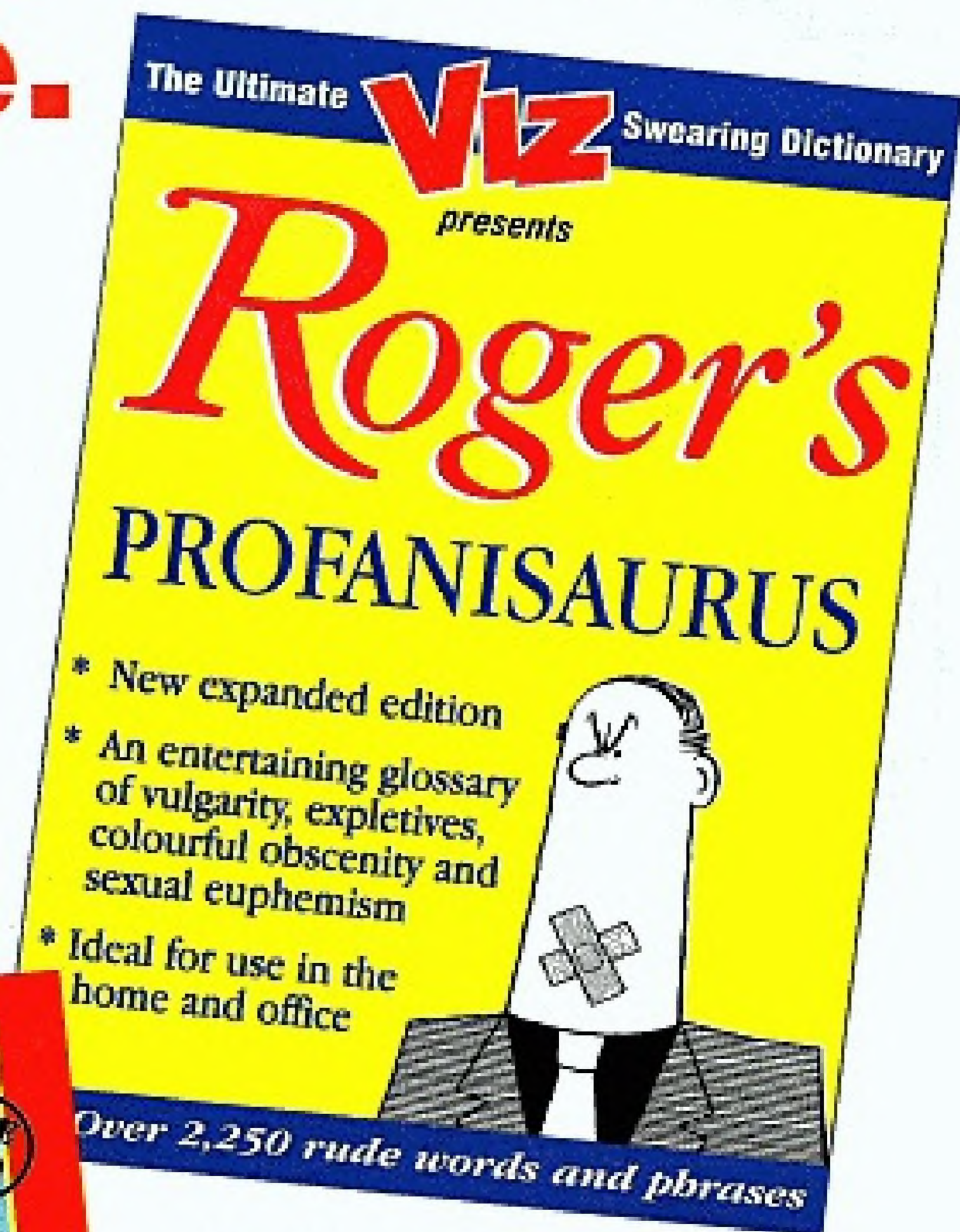




**“The funniest book
of all time.**

**...The cumulative
effect of reading
hundreds of these
definitions is
something near
delirium”**

- Evening Standard



**“The Beano
edited by Les
Patterson on
acid...**

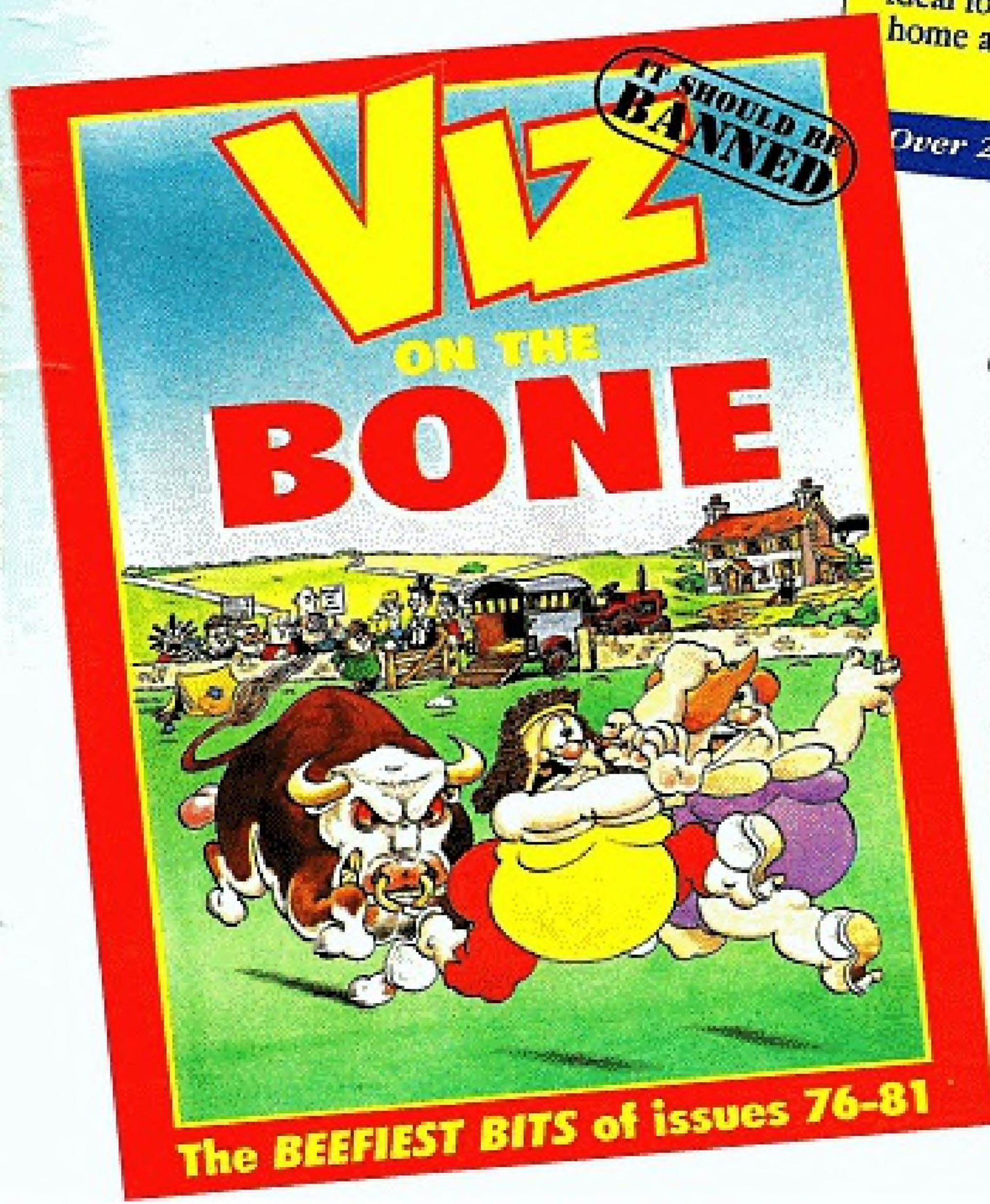
**will cause offence
to everyone,
except, perhaps,
Bernard Manning”.**

-The Times

Roger's Profanisaurus £4.99

Viz - On the Bone £8.99

Available in plain brown wrappers
from a high-brow bookshop near you.



THE BOXING BRAIN SURGEON



There are many strange stories in the world of boxing, but none is more strange, or less true than that of the British heavyweight Billy "Jawbreaker" Hurricane...



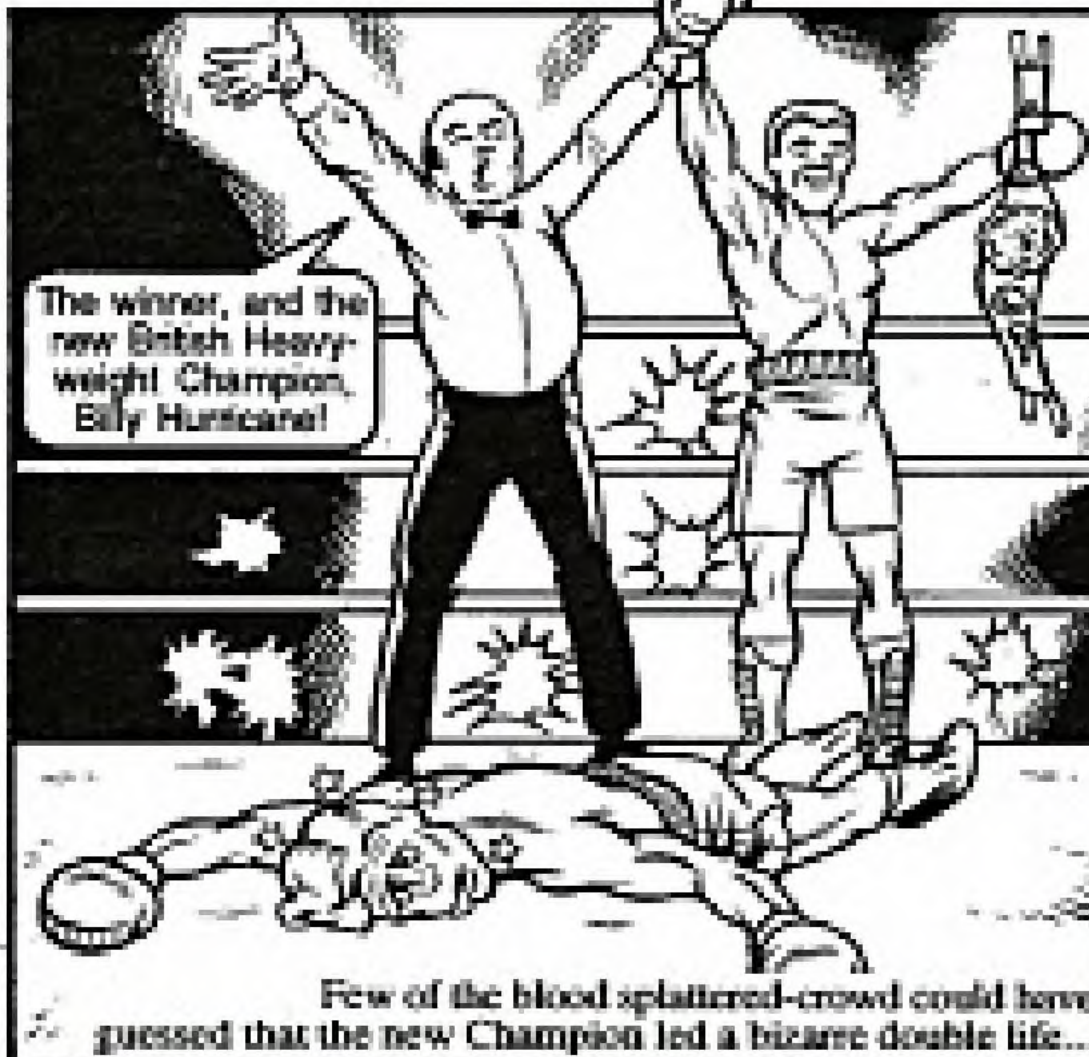
This is the most important fight of my career. If I beat Dougie "Dreadnought" Dawson tonight, I'm the heavyweight Champion of Britain...



...but it's the last round and I reckon I'm losing on points, I have to knock him out if I'm going to win.
...wait a minute. He's momentarily dropped his guard. I think I can just... yes...



Hurricane's lightning fist found its mark with the force of a baby elephant...



The winner, and the new British Heavyweight Champion, Billy Hurricane!

Few of the blood-splattered crowd could have guessed that the new Champion led a bizarre double life...

...for by day he was a consultant neurosurgeon at the Barmdale Infirmary.



Scalpel... forceps... protractor... swab...



There! Good as new. He isn't mental anymore. Sew him up please nurse.
Yes, Dr. Hurricane



Shortly...
Gosh! Sir Lancelot Robertson-Justice, the Chief Surgeon. I wonder what he wants.

Hurricane, old boy!



Good operation, Hurricane. Nice style

Thank you, Sir Lancelot

I think you're ready for a crack at the big one!



This Saturday at four o'clock, there's a really, really mental patient coming in...

...do you fancy your chances?

Four o'clock?!

...I can't! I... I'm fighting Evander Beauregard for the heavyweight championship of the World this Saturday. The fight starts at half past three.



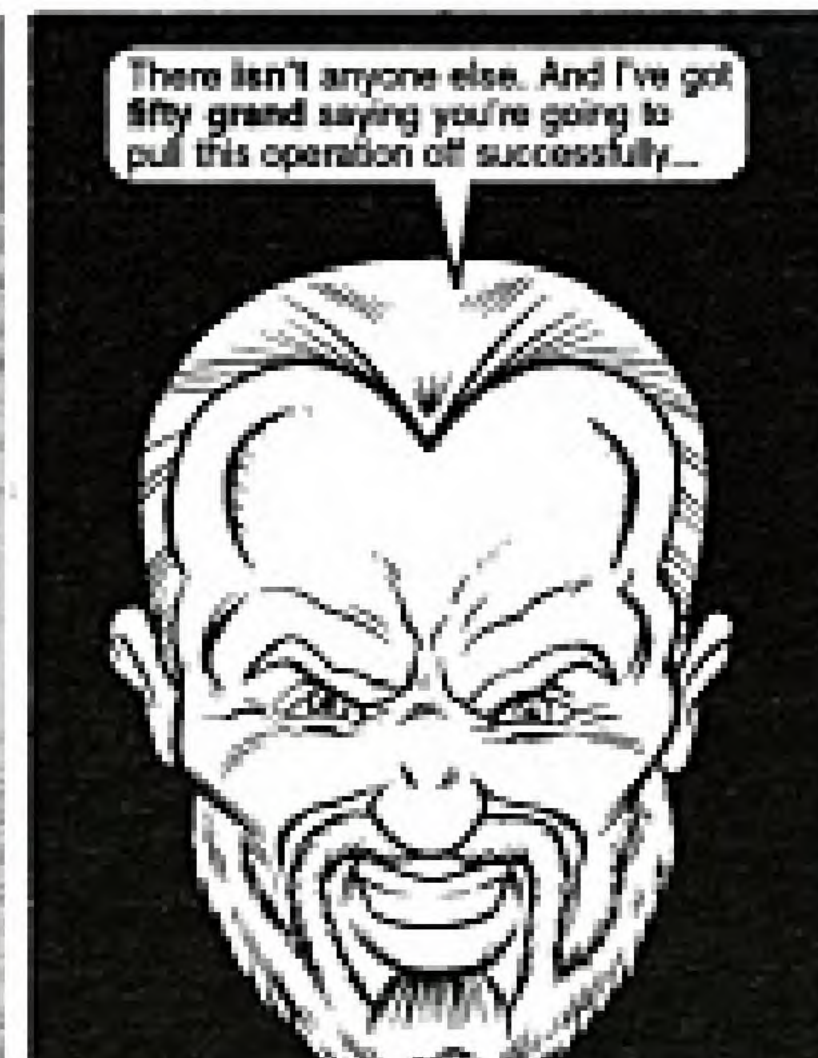
WHAT?!

Dammit, man. Is boxing all you ever think about? Now I want you scrubbed up and in this theatre on Saturday at four o'clock.



I'm sorry, Sir Lancelot, I can't!

This is my one shot at the title and I can't pass it up. You'll have to get someone else to do it.



There isn't anyone else. And I've got fifty grand saying you're going to pull this operation off successfully...



...so you're going to throw that fight

But...

I want you to take a dive in the first round and get to that operation. Understand?

That Saturday, Dr. Hurricane sat alone in the changing room, preparing himself mentally for the fight ahead...



Suddenly...



Robertson-Justice: What do you want?

Oh, I just dropped by to wish you luck, Doctor Hurricane...

...and remind you of our little arrangement.

Listen to me, Sir Lancelot, you slimeball. I'll make it to your lousy operation, don't worry. But I'm not going to throw this fight. I'm going to win it. I'll win it with integrity. I'll win it for me. I'll win it for every little guy who's ever been forced to throw a fight in order to perform brain surgery...

Now get out. The air in here's beginning to stink!

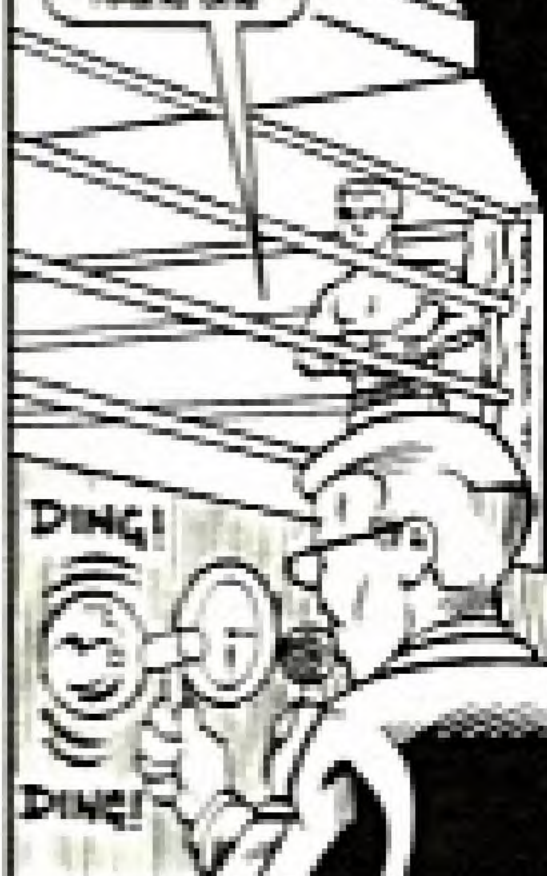


So...

Right, gentlemen. I want a good clear fight. No punching in the clinches, no hitting below the belt, no biting any ears off. Now back to your corners and when you hear the bell, come out fighting.



Seconds out, round one



The two men leapt from their corners, but before Evander Beauregard had time to weigh up his opponent, Hurricane delivered a mighty blow that sent the Champ sprawling.



UNGERHEURGH!

Twenty-five minutes later...

What could be keeping him? The operation starts in one minute



Hurricane!

Nurse...

...SCALPEL!

The eight hour operation was soon underway...



Hmm! This could be tricky. The patient is even more crackles than I first thought!

Come on, Hurricane! You can do it, man!

I can't seem to... if... if I can just get round the back of his eyes, I can...



Oh my GOD!!...

...he's cut through the Femoral Artery!

WHAT!?!



Seventeen... eighteen... nineteen... OUT!

We've lost him!

Damn you, Hurricane! You cut the Femoral Artery. A schoolboy mistake...

...you threw the operation!



You're finished, Hurricane. You'll never operate on another brain in this city again!

And Sir Lancelot was as good as his word. Dr. Hurricane was dismissed from the hospital on a trumped up charge and never practised neurosurgery in Britain again. He crossed the Atlantic to New York where he set up the Hurricane Neurosurgical Boxing Academy for underprivileged youngsters. He never revealed whether or not he had thrown his last operation.



Listen, kid. There's two ways out of the gutter-Boxing or Brain surgery.

And you've got to want 'em bad, and if you don't want 'em bad enough, you're wasting my time.

The End

SPICE 1999

1999: CHART-TOPPING ALL-GIRL BAND THE SPICE GIRLS HAVE COME TO THE MOON TO ESTABLISH THE FIRST LUNAR-BASED RECORDING STUDIO, NAMED MOONBASE 216-A-216 ALPHA

BUT AN EXPLOSION IN A MIXING DESK HAS SENT THE MOON SPIRALLING OFF INTO SPACE - TAKING WITH IT THE TOP POP FOURSOME, ON A THRILLING JOURNEY TO STRANGE NEW WORLDS...

AS THE MOON HURLES THROUGH SPACE, PASH, BABY, SPORTY AND SCARY BUSY THEMSELVES RECORDING THEIR NEW ALBUM

GREAT SONG, SPICES - LET'S TAKE FIVE BEFORE WE LAY DOWN THE NEXT TRACK

SAY, LOOK - WE'RE PICKING UP SOME KINDA DISTRESS SIGNAL!



IT'S BEING TRANSMITTED FROM THAT NEARBY UNCHARTED PLANET!

SUDDENLY THE TELE-MONITOR CRACKLED INTO LIFE



GREETINGS EARTH PEOPLE

I AM PRINCESS GERI, RULER OF THE UNCHARTED PLANET GINGERON II - AND I SEEK YOUR HELP

SEVEN DAYS AGO, A PASSING BLACK HOLE SUCKED ALL THE MOISTURE OUT OF OUR PLANET - LEAVING MY PEOPLE WITHOUT ANY WATER TO DRINK



UNLESS WE RECEIVE HELP SOON, WE WILL ALL DIE OF THIRST

COME ON GIRLS - WE'LL TAKE THIS CASE OF THIRST-QUENCHING PEPSI COLA DOWN TO GINGERON II, AND SAVE THOSE PEOPLE



MOMENTS LATER THE GIRLS WERE HEADING FOR THE PLANET SURFACE WITH THE CRATE OF CARBONATED MINERAL DRINK



THANK YOU - YOU HAVE SAVED MY PEOPLE. TO SHOW OUR GRATITUDE, WE WILL HOLD A GRAND DISCO IN YOUR HONOUR TONIGHT



SOUNDS GREAT, PRINCESS GERI

WOOP! YEAH! GIRL POWER!

MY LIZARD GUARDS WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR QUARTERS



I TRUST YOU WILL BE COMFORTABLE

THE FOUR SPICES WERE LED TO A LARGE SPACIOUS ROOM



SAY! THIS IS PRETTY GROOVY, EH GIRLS?



THESE GINGERONS SURE KNOW HOW TO TREAT THEIR GUESTS

WOOW! GET A LOAD OF THIS BIG HUMMING CRYSTAL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM



I WONDER WHAT IT'S FOR

WHAT? - I'M STARTING TO FEEL STRANGELY WEAK AND SUBMISSIVE



M-ME TOO - ALL MY SHOUTY ASSERTIVENESS IS DRAINING AWAY

YES I-I CAN NO LONGER THINK FOR MYSELF



I NEED A BLOKE TO BOSS ME AROUND AND TELL ME WHAT TO DO

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WANT WHAT I REALLY, REALLY WANT



AND THAT'S TO DO THE WASHING UP, AND THEN DARN SOME SOCKS

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? SOMETHING IS SAPPING US OF OUR GIRL POWER

IT-IT MUST BE THE CRYSTAL



WE'VE WALKED INTO A TRAP - LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

OH NO YOU DON'T MY SPICY YOUNG FRIENDS



YOU WILL REMAIN HERE UNTIL MY GINGERONITE CRYSTAL HAS ABSORBED ALL YOUR EARTHLING GIRL POWER...

...AND THEN I WILL BE THE MOST POWERFUL ALIEN FEMALE RECORDING ARTIST IN THE UNIVERSE



HAHAHA! HAHAHA!

NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE: ESCAPE FROM GINGERON II